



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 38 – Number 9

January 2021

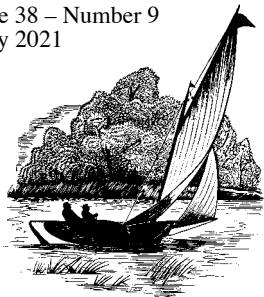
What's New in This Issue
At Sea – Row, Row, Row Your Boat
Edge of Appalachia – Just One More Time
Ray's Summer of '58 – A Callaway Day on the Salt
The '95 Oarmaster Trials – What About Roger Allen?
Harbinger's Season Finale
Plus All of Our Usual Ongoing Features



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

We get a number of boating magazines through an informal exchange, they send us theirs, we send them ours. My personal interest in them varies depending upon what aspect of boating each is chiefly concerned with. What makes them all of some interest is seeing how each one treats its subject matter. As I contemplated what I might discuss in this issue, the latest issue of *Soundings* turned up. *Soundings* goes back about as far with us as any, to 30 or more years ago. Back then it was a black and white newsprint tabloid focused on New England boating as it was (and is) published out of Essex, Connecticut.

It has long since expanded down the Atlantic seaboard, gone to magazine format and then full color and is seemingly prospering. Always aimed at the recreational boater, it usually had a couple of articles in each issue that even I, not a consumer boater, found interesting. While it covers both power and sail, and even human, powered boats, it tends heavily in the powerboat direction, not surprising as these are by far the most numerous boats in use recreationally.

The January issue cover featured an onboard photo of a square rigger under a press of sail illustrating one feature article, "Full Tilt, A tall ship's crew takes a wild ride when forced to sail 10,000 miles." The other three feature articles, however, were all concerned with powerboats, sport fishermen style emphasized. It was one of the latter that got my attention. What put me on to it was an upfront two page full color ad showing off the "Pure Legend S 428 Sport by Pursuit." It went on to tell us, "Size. Power. Innovation. The S 428 is the front runner in all categories." It then asked us, "Are you ready to own an icon?"

Turns out, a feature story about it followed on page 42 entitled "Epic Pursuit: The Florida fishboat builder launches its largest model yet, the Pursuit S 428 Sport," written by contributing writer Louisa Beckett. It led off with a full color two page spread picturing the same scene as the ad from a slightly different perspective. What is known as a "press junket" had been set up by the manufacturer for the boating press at its 185,000 square foot new manufacturing facility on "Sailfish Alley" in Ft Pierce City, Florida, to introduce their latest model to those who read

these sort of boating magazines. The following two page spread of text and detail photos revealed what we had here. Indeed.

Vital statistics: LOA 43'9", Beam 13', Draft 2'10", Weight 23,600lbs, Deadrise 22°, Fuel 547 gallons, Power (4) 425hp Yamaha XTO Offshore Outboards, Price \$990,835. Yep, almost \$1 million for this sport fishing boat. Writer Beckett did it up right for her hosts and here are some of the observations she made during an outing with 11 onboard which, in passing, hit 49 knots. The factory has recorded 51 knots with nearly full fuel tank (efficient speed is 27 knots).

Bow settees can seat six with powered backrests. A fold down hull side platform provides for water sports activities when at rest.

Going into fishing mode, the rear facing mezzanine seat slides aft at the push of a button for access to two hidden tall chairs with folding backrests and an outdoor galley with sink, grill and frig.

Fifteen or more can be seated comfortably onboard, plus there are twin settees in the console cabin, which convert to a double berth.

Three tall captain's chairs dominate the command center, on hot days air conditioning vents keep things cool at the helm and a JBL audio system stands ready to entertain.

The helm has two 22" Garmin multi function displays and Yamaha's Helm Master joystick control, which tames and teams up the quad 425hp Yamahas. A Seakeeper gyro can add stability when trolling or fishing at anchor in rough seas.

Beckett reported that there was no time for fishing that day (a pity, she says) but listed off the fishing equipage aboard, including locking gunwale rod storage, padded coaming, refrigerated in-sole fish box, transom fish box, two 36 gallon transom live wells, tackle center, outriggers, rocket launchers (!) and more.

Well, you get the picture. Here is messing about in boats at a truly impressive scale for those with the deep enough pockets. Just the boat for the lad who fished with a string and worms from an 8' skiff who makes it big in the business world. I never did go fishing as a farm kid so, while I am truly impressed with what can be done with a 44' boat to go fishing, it just isn't for me.

On the Cover...

Susanne Altenburger wraps up her six part series about the building of Phil Bolger's Sea Bird design by a father/son team in Valparaiso, Chile, in this issue and suggested a photo of the finished product might be suitable for a cover, so here it is, parked on the sand propped up on its keel. We've never had a keelboat posed thusly, so why not? The final chapter covering the first cruise undertaken by the builders starts on page 42.

Zen and the Artistry of Sailing*

There is a poetry of sailing as old as the world (Antoine De Saint-Exupery)

A wooden boat on the wind arcs through the water, like the air that waved through her branches when she was once only but a sapling. Oaken timbers, shaped and carved into curves as fine as any maiden's define her figure, sipping water to seal her seams and wed her form to its element. Suites of sails drape her spars, to become one with the wind itself. The lightest touch upon her tiller and the finest set of her sails yield the truest line, but as in life, it is futile to take on the wind directly. From a distance, she seems motionless on a lapis sea beneath a sapphire sky. And yet she skims her course, her wake a moving memory, in a dance that only the word "sail" may ever describe.

*Previously published in *The Dog Watch* online publication of the *Good Old Boat* magazine.

The first rule of sailing old salts will say is to stay aboard.

It takes a lifetime to learn to sail a boat but just a day to love her.

The art of sailing is to know the wind and leave nothing to chance.

A sailor is never alone in the presence of the wind and a boat to sail

Little vessels meant for just one to sail hold the purest joy

On The Face Of The Deep

After Masefield

And God divided the light from the darkness
so simple and clean and fresh an act
on that first evening and morning

Then God saw the light and called it good
though still at times in dappled twilight
the darkness beckoned softly

with its ancient face of the deep
and the siren call of its waters so alluring
that even the Spirit once moved upon
their face

And when God divided the waters
to form the heavens
he kept some for the firmament

where he built for his Spirit a tall ship
with sun and moon and stars above
and his breath for the wind

Day and night and the waters between
here we sail through darkness upon the deep
and yet with a star to steer her by

Life is too Short to Splice Rope

You must first uncoil hemp line into three
curved strands –
each whipped on each end with waxed
thread to prevent Medusan unraveling

The rode must then be spiked at the entry
where the splice will form and then weave
the strands back into the rope itself

You must then carefully pare the ends into
the splice to make each magically disappear

and lastly you roll the splice underfoot
to dispense with kinks and soften the cord

Yes life too is short but then perhaps not too
much to miss splicing rope

At Sea Threads, Yarns Musings and Verse

By Randy Cadenhead



Foreword

A sailor spends his life living stories to tell to those who can only dream

Audacity has been claimed by a more deserving writer but the word is fitting when asking how a yeoman sailor dare pen a book about the sea. I began sailing at 15 when I fished a waterlogged Sunfish from the shore of a Georgia mountain lake. I discovered there the magic of being one with the wind and the water, a phrase I later learned from a sailor I knew only as Gramps when I asked why he studied a cigarette's smoke waft on what seemed a windless day.

Although I made a living as a lawyer, my sailing resume grew longer and, at least to me, more worthy over time. True, I never set any passage making records or won a meaningful race. My Olympic experience was only as a shoreside manager but I could, and sometimes still can, be found ghosting away on what other's deem a breathless day.

Perhaps because of my profession's reputation ("How can you tell a lawyer's lying? His lips are moving.") lawyers like me often dream of writing. Few of my ilk since John Donne have dared penning poetry, perhaps because, like sailing, it is a poor way to make a living.

Finding the rhythm in a poem so like that of the sea, I took to writing poetry long ago. This collection includes many years of sea poems and a number of less lyrical writings of a similar theme.

I wish you fair winds, and if you can't be sailing, perhaps you will enjoy reading about it here.

(Several of the poems here are drawn from two lighthearted collections published previously: *The Funny Thing About a Poem* and *How Not to Write a Poem*, both of which are available on Amazon.

Water Music

To sail is the thing. (Arthur Ransome)

A new white sail
raised with the baton
in a fresh Autumn breeze

The air is tinted with the yellow
of poplar leaves falling to the rhythm
of the trees' fading adagio

Crisp and flowing - even the clouds
curl up on silver edges
warming to the strains of the sun

The voice of the waters
sound with the pitch and roll
of waves lapping against the hull

Waters part as we sail past time
at rest in mid-measure
sensing life holding its very breath

Tacking away with the change of key
this moment's music seems captured forever
a memory in the making

Squaring the Circle

$$A = \pi r^2$$

The soundest way to plank the frames
of a wooden boat remains to this day
perhaps the first

an irony not to be overlooked in this
plasticine era long past the bite of bronze
into the heart of cedar and oak

To set a seal that not even time will release
first drill a round hole through the shaped
plank and into an oaken rib

Shipwrights will tell you that you must
then pound a tapered square peg into the
circled void

After water and time have applied their due
melding the ironic into the mundane

the incompatible form a bond that is
strong enough to wed the two into a whole
that can last for a lifetime

Such is a worthy lesson perhaps for a life
of time and a metaphor of sorts for all of
life's time

Here Be Dragons

Another white bearded wonder rises from
the ocean's depth
hovering ominously overhead before diving
beneath our pitching feet

only then to reveal the next formless mon-
ster filling its angered place with even
greater fury as it swallows in its look the
scudding of the windswept sky

The wind whips the faces of the waves into
grotesque gray shadows that lift the horizon
and break in torrents overhead

We hove to here on an open and angry
expanse alone in the space where the gods
of the sea play with men like cats with
mere mice

The air is alive with shifting tentacles of
foam a body of hungry water reaching for
the hold where hope is housed in the soul

Book Review by Giles de Bertodano

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

In Shackleton's Wake, by Arved Fuchs

SHACKLETON'S OPEN BOAT JOURNEY IS WELL KNOWN. In April 1916 with five others, he sailed 800 miles in the 22ft *James Caird* from Elephant Island to South Georgia. Then he immediately travelled over the ice clad mountains to the other side of the island. There have been four recent attempts to reconstruct either the sea-voyage alone or 'The Shackleton Double' i.e. the voyage itself then immediately crossing the South Georgia ice-cap to the Stromness whaling base.

In 1993, Trevor Potts and three others successfully sailed the GRP replica *Sir Ernest Shackleton* to South Georgia without support boat, engine, radio or liferaft. He did not cross the mountains. The boat is now in the Cambridge Polar Museum. His voyage triggered the centennial interest in replicating Shackleton's feat.

In 1997, Jamie Young's attempt, with GPS, radio and support ship was unsuccessful after the replica *Tom Crean* was knocked down three times in succession in sixty-foot waves after a thirty-hour storm when only some twenty miles from their destination.

And in 2012, Tim Jarvis and Barrie Gray with four others completed the Shackleton Double in the replica *Alexandra Shackleton*. They used original clothes (useless leather boots, reindeer skin sleeping bags, Plasmon biscuits and pemmican) and suffered from wet and electronics failure. They also had a support boat.

Now in this book, a famous German polar explorer relates another successful Shackleton Double in 1999 in the replica *James Caird II*, with three others and a part-time support vessel. Aside from the wet, violent motion, noise, storms, lack of sleep and overall small boat foulness, there are interesting insights. And consideration is given to Shackleton's decisions and leadership.

For example, at Elephant Island, why did they remain at Point Wild when Cape Lookout, where the cruise ships land tourists today, was only a few miles further and much better winter quarters? Again, he rightly points out that Shackleton's small boat voyage did not start at Elephant Island — surely it started much earlier, when the pack ice broke up and they had to leave Camp Patience in three boats. They were then some fifty albatross-flying miles south of Elephant Island. But the current pushed them back and the wind headed them. So they ended up sailing for a week to cover a hundred miles to Cape Valentine, their first landing.

And there is an oblique, subfusc questioning as to whether the epic voyage was necessary. Shackleton had a plan B for those left behind — were he to fail, they were to sail in the polar summer, in the remaining boats *Dudley Docker* and *Stancome Wills* to Deception Island, some 200 miles southwest where whalers would be found. If that was feasible, why was the early winter dash for South Georgia made? The author's conclusions avoid hindsight and accept the rationale behind Shackleton's decisions without ignoring the wholly luck-dependent gamble of his voyage.

Arved Fuchs has crossed both the Arctic and Antarctic, man-hauling sledges. He owns a 78ft gaff-rigged Danish fishing cutter *Dagmar Aaen* which acted as his support ship in the Southern Oceans for the *James Caird II* voyage. And he carried GPS, satellite phone and laptop.

In Shackleton's Wake

ARVED FUCHS



Hardcover: 197 pages

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Price: Variable. Now out of print, so
secondhand only.

Amazon Bestsellers Rank: 249,914 in Books
#297 in History of Discovery & Exploration
(The large paw print on the sail is the
trademark of their sponsor — *Jack Wolfskin*)

The voyage was fraught, due to storms, fog and, at the end, icebergs prevented them reaching King Haakon Bay until they were towed in. The subsequent ice cap crossing was comparatively agreeable.

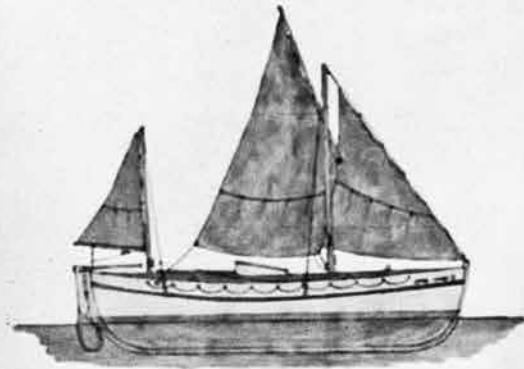
He justifies these dangerous voyage-reconstructions in two ways. Firstly, there is no point to life anyway. Life is futile. Secondly, speaking about Shackleton's voyage: 'We need these myths for they give rise to dreams and these dreams prompt us to act.' That fits well with cruising in dinghies. As for Shackleton's decisions, 'I seek not to debunk myths but to see what lies behind.' Quite proper. All in all he does a very good job in this fascinating book. Mind you, the US publisher should be hanged, drawn and quartered for producing a voyage book without any maps.

James Cairds



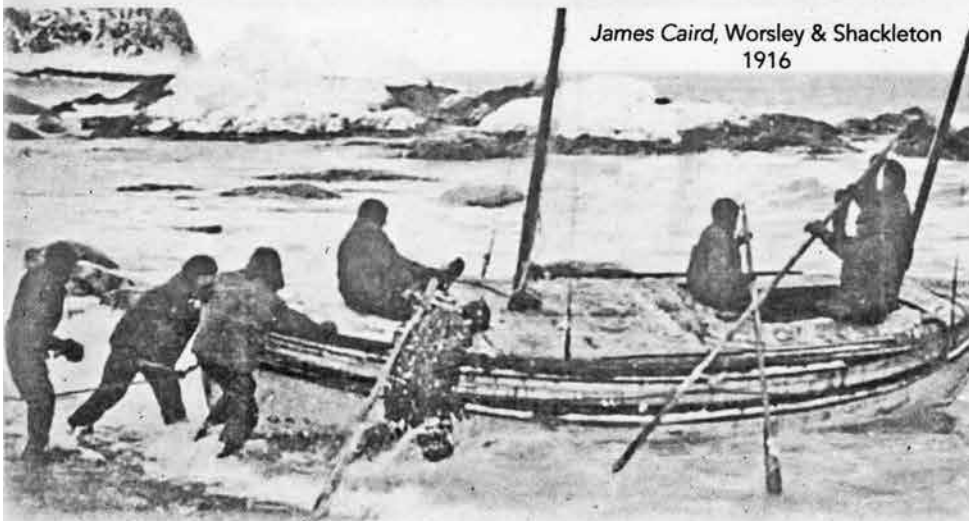
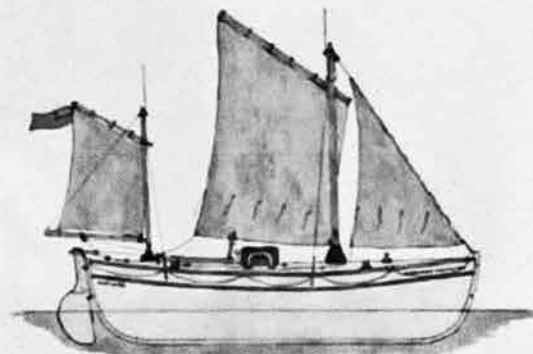
The Sir Ernest Shackleton
Trevor Potts, 1994

The Tom Crean
Paddy Barry, 1997



The James Caird II
Arved Fuchs, 2000

The Alexandra Shackleton
Tim Jarvis, 2013



James Caird, Worsley & Shackleton
1916

Qualities Required in
a polar explorer
(according to Sir Ernest)

1. Optimism
 2. Patience
 3. Imagination
 4. Idealism
 5. Courage
- in that order

Quoted by
Alexandra Shackleton

It was supposed to be my last sailing adventure of the year. Some years I'm still getting out in November but this October was showing signs of early snow. We'd been very busy of late getting ready for winter, cutting and splitting firewood, harvesting the gardens, butchering animals and hauling up supplies. Kerosene, propane, tea, sugar, flour, all the usual suspects. Canning supplies and ammunition are non existent in local stores but thankfully we have stockpiles of that stuff.

We were just about ready to be snowed in until mid April or thereabouts. Our beautiful slender red canoes were already stored away as was the wife's little kayak. *La Madalena*, my sailing skiff, is always the last to be put away. It spends spring, summer and fall outside in the yard upside down, a wheeled dolly bolted to the transom, ready to be loaded on the car in a moments notice. I just couldn't resist, I had to get out on the water one last time!



Time to brush off the skiff for one last trip.

So I loaded up the little sailing skiff atop my even smaller road skiff. The mast, yard and sail also stow on the roof rack inside a nifty sail cover my wife sewed for me. My 6' oars fit inside the car, believe it or not, along with the rest of my gear. I had made the oars by ripping a 2"x4" lengthwise and tapering the shafts with drawknife, spokeshave and plane. The blades are 1/4" plywood, 15" long and 5" at the widest part. Just before taking off on the Salish 100 last year I hurriedly made a set of 7' oars because everyone else on the planet seems to use longer oars than I and maybe they are onto something. I used saplings for the shafts and blades of 1/4" plywood, 2' long and 4" at the widest point. For the life of me I couldn't get used to the longer oars and have stuck to the shorter set since.

Homemade oars, long and short.



Row, Row, Row Your Boat

By Robert Van Putten

Years ago I became discontented with the position of the rowing thwart inside the skiff so I pulled it out. I did leave the thwart stringers in the boat though, where else does one jam the bailing sponge and tie things off to? To replace the thwart I made a rowing seat/storage box out of an old busted toolbox that had belonged to my grandfather. He had worked at the Brooklyn Navy Yard during WWII, which probably has something to do with why the box was painted battleship gray.

Cut down with a new gasketed lid, it makes a great rowing seat. It has an inner compartment for small stuff and I generally keep the sheet inside along with a few miscellaneous bits of rope, thole pins, rudder pins (I've learned it pays to have spares!) map, compass, camera, binoculars, toilet paper, sun glasses, flare, etc. There is still plenty of room for lunch and a quart of water.



Grandpaw's old toolbox made a heck of a rowing seat/storage box.

With everything packed up I was all set to go but the next two days were foggy and cold without a hint of a breeze. I was determined to set out the very next day regardless of the weather, but that morning the radio spoke of a winter storm warning with winds to 50mph. OK fine, not that day either. Two days later I saw a patch of blue among the clouds at dawn and took it as a sign from above. Today was the day! After breakfast I dressed in silk thermals, a light merino wool pullover, wool shirt and a light wool jacket. I hastily threw a lunch in a dry bag along with first aid kit, down parka, wool hat, rain suit, thermos of tea and a wool blanket and ground cloth in case I wanted to picnic somewhere along the shore.

Loaded up and ready to go!



Just before I could leave a neighboring property owner called.

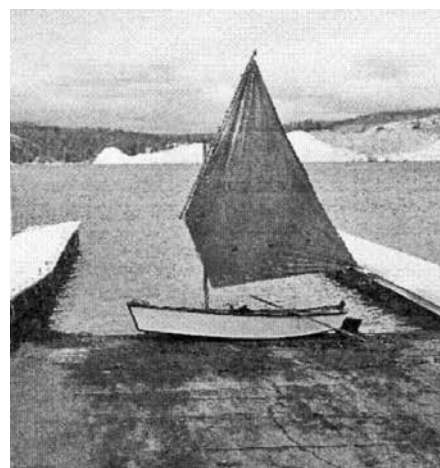
He has a number of cellular monitoring cameras and had spotted an unknown ATV in the woods. Had I heard or seen anyone that morning? He shortly called again, rather agitated. His cameras had gone dead. Two weeks ago a vandal had climbed a tree, gotten behind one of his \$600 cameras and smashed it. A month before thieves had stolen some \$20,000 of tools and stuff from his cabin.

Alright, I told him I'd take a look. I grabbed my rifle, pocketed a pile of ammo and an extra magazine for the pistol I was already wearing. The wife said I needed backup, grabbed her Glock and tagged along. We crept slowly up in our jeep, looking at tracks in the dirt and listening. This patrol was to observe and report, of course, not engage. False alarm. The ATV belonged to a remote property owner and the camera malfunction must have been a glitch with the cellular coverage, which is seldom much good up here. Theft and vandalism of remote properties has always been a problem but are worse than ever this year, so all the property owners are on high alert, well armed and trying to coordinate security efforts.

Back to the sailing. Remember we were supposed to go sailing today? Our reconnaissance mission had cost at least an hour and the October days are short enough, but I was not to be deterred this time. "I'll be home sorta late," I told the wife and off I went to Lake Roosevelt. The weather there is usually much warmer than up in the mountains where I live and this 140 mile long lake has endless miles of empty sandy beaches to explore. The put in at Hunters Campground is 45 miles away and I zoomed along the country roads at top speed, which is about 55mph for this jalopie when wearing such a large party hat. The conditions at the lake looked perfect, partly sunny, warmish and light winds. No white caps. It can get pretty rough out in the big bay at Hunters.

Launching the simple skiff takes maybe ten minutes and I was on my way. As I was sailing away from the ramp a powerboat with two orange clad hunters aboard were coming in. They killed their engine and coasted along side. "Better slow down, this is a no wake zone," they joked. They asked if I'd built the boat and exclaimed, "Excellent!" when I told them that I had. They were the only other boat I saw on the water that day. I reached out into the bay and turned south, upwind.

The empty ramp at Hunters.



Of course, it's always best to set out upwind for an easy downwind run back to the ramp at the end of the day. The free park service map I found at the boat ramp said there was a boat in only camp called Enterprise at the mouth of Oh-Ra-Pak-En Creek. It looked maybe less than ten miles away to the south? I decided to aim for that. I made a few tacks to the south but the wind died to just a gentle zephyr and I couldn't make anything good to windward. This sail isn't very good upwind. The leech flutters and I'm pretty sure that kills its drive.



Headed out on a reach.

The first standing lugsail I made for this skiff was hastily slapped together from a used tarp and carpet tape. It worked astonishingly well and I used it for two seasons until it was little more than a rag. Since then I'd made two more sails for a different boat, one of which was a flop but the next had worked really well. This was the fourth sail I'd made. I used the same dimensions as the first and took special care when sewing it up but I have to confess it isn't very good.

I'd just made a new laminated yard, too. The old yard was a cedar stick and had taken a curve over time and I figured that couldn't be good. The shape of the sail should be better and the boat would go better, right? As far as I could tell it worked about the same or maybe a little worse. I really seem to be hit or miss at sailmaking, maybe I'll buy my next sail. It has been painfully proven to me that a good sail makes all the difference, especially upwind.

No matter, the water was smooth so I would row southward and sail back downwind on the gentle zephyrs. Rowing to windward seems to get where I'm going better than end-less tacking anyway, and the sail worked fine downwind, so that was the plan for the day. I've learned the hard way that if I'm gonna sail, I sail, and if I'm gonna row, just row. I spent days trying to do both at the same time on the Salish 100 last year, rowing with the sail up, trying to catch every vagrant puff of air. It doesn't work very well. The rudder and leeboard are quite a drag, the mast and sail have great wind resistance and the sail always gets in the way. Best to stow the rig and rudder and get serious about the rowing.

Serious rowing self portrait.



I never did bother to buy oarlocks. Can't find 'em here and I didn't care to spend the coin for sockets and locks anyway. After some experimentation I adopted a system whereby I place the oar in front of the tholepin, tie them together with $\frac{3}{8}$ " line and a square knot and row, pulling against the rope. This has the least chafe, holds the oar in place yet lets me feather if I wish and is perfectly silent.

I remember rowing along one morning on the Salish 100. The water was flat, it was quiet and absolutely beautiful. I had the sail up, rudder and leeboard down, because when the breeze did blow we were close hauled. Then I was overtaken by a fiberglass Scamp under oars. I was quite surprised because a Scamp is a tubby, heavy little bathtub of a boat only a little longer than mine. I sat up straight, squared my shoulders and pulled hard at my oars to keep up with them for a time and talk.

The Scamp had two piece aluminum oars that must have been 9' long with asymmetrical plastic blades. I was surprised at the racket that Scamp made. The fiberglass hull gave off hollow thumping noises every stroke. The bronze oarlocks squealed in their sockets and the two part aluminum oars rattled as the load was applied to them and let off. We didn't talk long, I couldn't keep up with them anyway! But I don't think rowing should make that much noise.



Silent and cheap rowing.

My wife hates rowing, even calls the oars "rows" (after all, you paddle with a paddle). She can't understand how anyone could like not seeing where they're going. I'm becoming fond of rowing. It's good exercise and I can row faster than I can solo paddle a canoe, and keep it up longer. To be honest, I did run the boat firmly up on a snag at one point that day, so looking backwards at the scenery all the time does have disadvantages.

I stayed close to shore because it's always the most interesting place to be. Tall sand cliffs loom along parts of the shore here which are the source of the endless sandy beaches. Last summer I saw (from a safe distance) several chunks of these cliffs collapse in clouds of sand.

Sand cliff getting ready to shed a chunk.



The cliffs are interspersed by coves, some small with beaches littered with driftwood and some quite large. Some coves have streams tumbling down into the lake. I couldn't resist exploring among the huge piles of driftwood on a few beaches and seeing how far back some of the coves went. A small flat bottomed skiff is perfect for exploring backwaters and beaching at will.



Can't beat a flat bottomed boat for beaching.

Most lakes don't have tides but this one does and the level varies 30' or more! Of course, a single tide cycle takes a full year. During the winter Grand Coulee Dam draws the lake quite low in anticipation of the spring flood. Sometimes it gets so low the ferries that cross the lake have difficulty docking or must even suspend service and many boat ramps are unusable. Sometimes the level can get so high all the beaches disappear, leaving the lake ringed with cliffs and it's all but impossible to find anywhere to land. The spring flood brings with it all manner of logs, planks and trash.

The Canadians figure the perfect place to dump trash is along the banks of the river above the border. Every spring the flood gifts it all to those annoying Americans down below. The park service puts booms across the lake to collect floating debris early in the season but boating on the Roosevelt in a fast motor boat in the spring calls for a sharp lookout for submerged logs. In one cove I thought I'd found a discarded aluminum boat among the flotsam. It was full of leaves and water but close inspection showed it tied to a tree.



Abandoned boat?

The next cove held something much more interesting. Nestled among the driftwood was a big old wooden motor launch. Maybe 40' long with an aluminum cuddy top and straight six engine amidships. It looked like something the Navy would use and has the numbers "SSS 100" on the bow. This was a big cove that merited exploring. A few cabins dotted the forest around the cove but never close to the water because I think the shoreline is federal land. A few small boats were tied up here and there but no people or noise at all, perhaps the cabins were summer

homes only. The cove gave way to a narrow passage leading to a creek.



Old wooden motor launch. Navy surplus?



Narrow passage at the head of the cove.



Head of navigation.

Leaving this big cove I realized the day was waning and worse, the wind had picked

up and shifted to the north! I longingly looked to the south and studied my map. Enterprise Camp was right around the bend, maybe another hour's steady pull. As tempting as it was I figured I'd better head back north. I'd plan an overnight trip in the summer to explore Oh-Ra-Pak-En Creek, it was too far away for this little boat on a short fall day. I didn't know the time as I'd left my cell phone at home because they don't work here, and I've never worn a watch, but it looked like I had two hours of direct sunlight left. I'd been goofing off way to much. That does tend to happen when you get me in a boat!

I raised sail and headed out into the lake. The winds were strong and worse, quite chaotic. I luffed through the gusts and worked close to shore to reef the sail. Heading back out I was almost knocked over by the first gust. Sometimes I'd get a slant that put me close hauled or even on a reach headed back north for a few seconds, but as the strong north wind eddied among the hills and coves that surround the lake the gusts hit me unexpectedly from every direction. At times I've sailed this boat in far more wind than I should have and gotten away with it. I've never capsized but usually I have my wife along for additional ballast and steady wind. It was to cold to play this game and I was wasting daylight so I tucked back into shore and dropped the rig. Seemed like the day for rowing. Couldn't be more than six miles to the put in, two hours pull, right? I finished off my lunch and set to work at the oars.

The sun went down behind the hills and the temperature dropped below freezing. The wind got worse, whitecaps glimmered across the lake where the fetch was long. I started curving into the coves to get out of the wind and to find flat water. Huh, this lake often goes flat calm at sundown. Not tonight, I guess. A thin sliver of moon rose to the south over the lake. It was a dark night, I could see the moon but no stars and not a single light was visible along either shore. It was beauti-

ful if stark. I was generating plenty of heat so I wasn't cold and had time to think.



Sunset.

"And sitting well in order, smite the sounding furrows, for my purpose holds, to sail beyond the sunset." It's odd what pops into your mind at times, isn't it? I thought of other boats I could build that might be better for my adventures. I have plans for Steve Redmond's Whip, a long, narrow, flat bottomed skiff said to make 5mph under oars. I could use that kind of performance tonight, she's light enough to cartop, too. Since I was rowing all day, why not Bolgers Light Dory and the heck with sails?

I'd caught my second, or maybe it was the third or forth wind, and when I could see the shore I seemed to be making good speed. For a tubby, flat bottomed skiff with short oars, anyway. So where was that put in? How about Bolgers Thomaston Galley? I'd need a trailer but the Vee bottom hull is said to row and sail just fine, had to work better in waves and it's fun to have an unusual boat. Maybe one of R.D. Cullers beautiful skiffs? Doesn't really matter, I can have fun in any small boat and besides I told the wife I'd build an outrigger canoe next, something she could paddle and I could sail.

Suddenly I was gliding along the jetty to the south of Hunter's Camp. As I rounded the point the wind and waves brought the boat to Parade Rest. Flat irons have limits and so do I. Unable to make the last half mile to the ramp I landed at a swimming area and walked through the dark campground to fetch the car. I drove it back to the boat, loaded up and made it home just before nine o'clock. The wife was upstairs sewing and, when I came in, dryly remarked, "Well, I see you didn't drown."

The next day I put *La Madalena* away for the winter. I like external chine logs not only because they greatly simplify construction but also because they make excellent runners when sliding a boat on its side through a doorway. The day after that we had 7" of snow and the temperature hasn't gotten above freezing since. Time to get back to work on the big cat yawl hibernating in the barn and plan next years adventures! I hope everyone got out on the water one last time and has a quiet, happy winter.

Sliding the boat into the hayloft.



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Sometimes I search for something and I unexpectedly find something else that changes my focus a bit, maybe something fun or interesting. When that happens I think it is usually a good idea to let it run and see where it takes me, to be open to new possibilities. I do not mean finding a candy bar when looking for my lost car keys, though that would be OK, but instead discovering something meaningful that I did not know was there, something lasting.

I am constantly searching for good canoeing waters and I tend to have a pretty narrow set of criteria for such places. Though I try to be adaptable, the list of requirements lengthens as I age. Anyplace that allows boats with over 10hp is out. The distance from home should be within a day's drive, or maybe a short overnight, which means a lake or river for the ocean is far away from Ohio. A river, for me as a solo paddler, needs a livery that would bring me and my canoe back to my vehicle or cart me upriver so I could paddle back downstream, but that is not my style. The lake needs a launch point that I can use unaided, one that will not damage my canoe, and I want it to be wooded all the way around the lake, not lined with houses or village life and the clutter that it brings. It should not be so large that the prevailing winds are an ever present problem and the larger the lake the less interesting it usually is. I could think of more but I begin to feel like a fussy old man. All I want is to have a good time, not looking for difficulties or unpleasantness.

Within northeastern Ohio the options are few. There are lakes, but for one reason or another not many fit my needs and those few I use over and over. For several years I did not go canoeing much at all and then it was very close to home, maybe once or twice a year because I had a caregiver's role to fill. I don't regret that time at all, but the canoe did stay on the shelf a lot.

A few months after Mary Anne died my daughter Polly and her husband Mike reserved a campsite for three nights at Wolf Run State Park in southeastern Ohio and invited me to go along. I had heard of the place but had never been there for it is about a two-and-a-half hour drive away, well beyond what had been my limit for a long time. I generally shy away from what often consists of the motorhome crowd tightly spaced in state park campgrounds, but I was sure I needed something new and though I knew little about what I was getting into, I accepted. It seemed like a good idea for many reasons, something found where I had not been looking.

Southeastern Ohio is on the edge of Appalachia, the large area that stretches from Pennsylvania to Alabama which contains the eastern mountains, so it is sparsely populated and very hilly. It seemed that Wolf Run could be in a very beautiful natural area, and again because of where it was the park might not have too many overdone rules. I was hoping for that and also hoping for good weather.

As our time came close the weather report showed 100% chance of rain and wind for all four days we would be there. We went anyway. After a lifetime of camping with the family, with Boy Scouts and just Mary Anne and me, my outfit is pretty well polished. I would not have a problem but I was disappointed that I might not get in much canoeing. I did not plan to use my tent this time for I have a bed platform with storage underneath that fits in my minivan, and with a Thermarest® mattress and a Port-a-potty® I had kind of

Edge of Appalachia

By Hugh Groth

a hard top tent, a home away from home, kind of like a turtle. Polly and Mike had a water-tight tent and a screen house that fit over the picnic table. I had a couple of tarps that tied it all together. We got to the site in time to set it all up before it started to rain, but it was a gentle rain and the wind was not strong.



Camp in the rain.

It rained off and on the whole time until our final morning, when the sun shone brightly, but it was possible to get in plenty of boating between the showers. I brought my wood strip canoe and they brought my two person wood/Dacron kayak. They also brought their two little Chihuahuas who were extremely well behaved and loved the camping and boating as much as we did. They even have their own tiny life jackets with carrying handles.



Polly and Mike in the kayak.



Polly and the dogs.

The campsite they had reserved was unworkable for us so, with the cooperation of the friendly park staff, we switched to a level site with a panoramic view of the lake and a small beach from which we could launch the boats. Everything went well, we got damp, but not really very wet, and we travelled home hoping to be able to come again someday.



Me in the canoe.

Now it is two years later and I have done a lot of canoeing in the time since camping that first time at Wolf Run as well as camping in a few other places. It seems that trip gave me a kick start, got me back in the groove. About two months ago I was back for a single night stay at the same Wolf Run Park campsite we had earlier. Because it was a weekday I was alone, really alone, for there was no one

occupying any of the campsites within sight or earshot on that end of the campground. Though it is not wild and far away I was glad to be alone, for then it felt a little like the remote camping Mary Anne and I did in the north, using our canoe to find a place to camp where we had a beautiful view and a place to ourselves for a short time.

I guess that second trip to Wolf Run was, in part, an old man's attempt at holding on to a bit of the past as I think many of us try to do. I think that is OK, maybe a good thing. I thought about Mary Anne and how she would have loved the place. There is even a large flat rock at the water's edge, the kind of place where she would sit and quietly gaze out over the water. I knew it would happen, that the memories would come flooding back and I want to keep them.



Once again rain was predicted as I arrived at mid afternoon so I quickly unloaded the canoe, moved the picnic table closer to the minivan and erected a tarp from the side of the van out over the table. The rain started right after camp was set up and continued all evening. It would have been nice to take a canoe cruise before the rain started but it was not bad listening to the soothing sound of gentle rain with no wind. The pattern of the raindrops on the water kept changing and the wet leaves on the surrounding oaks, maples and buckeyes were glistening in spite of the overcast. I was secure and dry as I watched the droplets run off the edges of the tarp. I read a bit, then played a tune on my harmonica, hoping the morning would be a bit better.



Rain patterns on the water.

The lake is not large, at about 209 acres, but it appears larger because there are long views along its two arms which are configured in an "L" shape with one arm to the north and other to the east. Both arms are fairly narrow so the lake is limited to 10hp, most likely in order to mitigate the effect of waves the motor boats generate and protect the shore, but it seems to be mostly hand powered craft there, very few motorboats.

The water area is larger near the dam where the two arms come together. The campground is along the south side of the eastern arm and my site was the very last one in the eastern end of the campground.

Morning came and it was still raining slightly so I fixed a bit of breakfast under the tarp. When I finished I decided to go out anyway while it was still early, I wouldn't melt. With that the rain stopped for good so I took my canoe down to the small beach by my campsite and launched it. I saw no one else for most of an hour, then a small motorboat came by and eventually a couple of kayakers. I paddled up into the north arm of the lake to explore but I liked the other part of the lake better. I paddled until I was tired so I went back to camp, had a mid morning snack, walked around a bit and spent a little time sitting on Mary Anne's rock.

So many people seem to feel that we should be doing something, should be somehow productive all our waking hours, but Mary Anne taught me long ago that sitting quietly is often more productive than you can imagine. It allows time to listen, not just to the sounds of nature but to my own thoughts and feelings. Life becomes clearer in the calmness of sitting still and quietly watching with no one else around. I do that more often now, even at home on the deck or back patio, but it is best done on a rock at the shore of a beautiful lake, or at the ocean as we used to do.

Soon I was back out, paddling the other way, keeping in the shade as much as possible because the sun was high overhead and it was warm. Many more kayakers were out then and there was a bit of a breeze. How silly of them it was to wait and miss the cool early stillness. After a while I tired of looking for shade and coves with quiet waters and went back to camp to fix lunch. Checkout time was near so I packed up and went again to the rock on the shore, stretching the time a bit. The site cleaning lady came by and encouraged me to stay as long as I wished. She was not young, lives alone herself now and she understood. I soon headed for home. How different this little interlude in my daily life was from the first time I was there with Polly and Mike.

The campsite I had is very popular for it is one of only a few from which the lake can be clearly seen and the only one with a beach from which a canoe can be launched easily. Occasionally I check its availability now, as I do for many other places I know about, but the Wolf Run site is usually only available during mid week. Then suddenly there was an unused reservation for a Saturday night near the middle of October, a time when Polly and Mike might be able to come along. Mike, now the mayor of our village, needed a break from the pressures that office brings. well, Polly needed it, too. They were

eager to get away for a little while so I made the reservation.

The remnants of Hurricane Delta were coming north on its way to southern Ohio so once again we would have rain. Of course, we went anyway and then it did not rain at all. Apparently the hurricane slowed a bit and saved the rain until after we were gone, but it stayed cloudy most of the time which meant that it was not cold and there was no wind or sun glare, perfect for canoeing. I took my canoe out in the evening, slept well and was up early in the morning ready for more.

At my favorite time of day, shortly after dawn, I was again on the water. I silently paddled along the shore appreciating the variety of rock formations of sandstone and conglomerate at the water's edge, many partially covered by a tangle of wave washed roots supporting the shore trees above. The steep shore hillsides ringing the lake displayed an artist's palette of autumn color nearing its peak, shining brightly even without the sun.

This is something I love to do, finding time for awareness and quiet contemplation. Away from the chores of home I take my canoe and glide along the shore in the evening when others are off the lake, or in the stillness of early morning before the sun is over the trees. I look for animals along the shore, I think and I remember the past. I feel that I am at my best at such times. I do it at home often on our local lake but here it was different, somehow more complete. In 70 years I have not tired of this.

After about an hour a small motorboat came putting slowly past me and moved on up the lake. I turned and noticed the white kayak with Polly and Mike far down the lake the other way. I kept going, for I finally was doing what I had hoped for in this beautiful place.

This now familiar lake was something I never expected to find here on the edge of Appalachia, a place that offers so much. I am glad that my daughter did find it and helped to put me back on track of what I should be doing. I miss the northern lakes for the loons, the ravens and white throated sparrows, for white birches on granite shores, for the silence of the wilderness and the chance to listen for its music, but I have had that time and am grateful. Even if I had the necessary endurance, access is more difficult now and going by myself does not appeal to me. For me, solitude is a comforting word but solitary is not.

The story of three brief camping and canoeing trips on the shore of a beautiful lake is not exciting, unless maybe you are the one doing it, or unless I am the one, for it is what happens within us that matters. I hope to do this many times again, here, other shores, other vistas. I come home renewed and younger than when I left.



"I thought you said that was all for this year," my daughter teased. Soon after my most recent overnight camping at Wolf Run State Park I had said that camping by a lake with my canoe was over until spring for there had been rain, wind and daily highs at or below 50° for most of the week since returning. I enjoy camping and these days I camp for access to a lake at dusk and dawn of what has been or promises to be a beautiful day, times when conditions make camping and paddling enjoyable. That appeared to be over for the year. I will gladly go out for a paddle at 40° as long as it is clear and the wind is light and there was none of that in the forecast.

Ten days later, then late October, the weatherman changed his tune. We were due for most of three days in the mid to upper 70s, clear skies and light wind. I quickly made my reservation, repacked, took my lumps about what I had said earlier and went. Repacking did not take much. I am almost always 80-90% ready to go and I was only going a little over 50 miles this time. It was mid week so I knew I would likely have the place to myself.

I had been there before, many times, so I knew the lake well. I would have plenty of space and easy access to the water. The drawback was that the lake, though large and fairly remote, is a water reservoir so after a dry summer the water level would be low. There would still be plenty of good paddling and the bonus was that I would be there at the peak of fall color, something I had hoped to see for years, but the convergence of good color and good weather was always elusive, hard to find when I could be there.

The lake is in Geauga County in north-eastern Ohio, the heart of Ohio maple syrup production (the best there is). There are not

Just One More Time

By Hugh Groth

many evergreens there, mostly a few oaks and a lot of maple trees. My campsite and the entire lakeshore was lit up in color, yellow to red, glowing like it was on fire. After years I once again was able to enjoy this place in the fall when the shore trees are at their best, and not just for a couple of hours but all afternoon and the next day. What a treat!

I used my time well. On the way there I drove back roads through the fall color, taking twice the time I ordinarily would need. Once there I unloaded the canoe but since I would be staying in the van I had no real setup to do so I took a walk. After a little nap in the hammock I ate dinner as I watched the breeze subside. I took a good long canoe trip up along the shore as far as the eagle's nest I knew about. Then a small brief campfire, every camper's tradition, a few tunes on my harmonica and I was ready for a good night.

The night was unusually warm for this time of year and way too long. There was the song of the late season insects and an owl in the treetops but that was all that broke the silence for I had no neighbors. Unable to sleep as late as the sun, I took my coffee to the shore in the morning twilight and watched as the burst of the sun's rays began to light the sky and highlight the edges of the clouds before it crept over the tops of the trees on the opposite shore. The lake was a mirror to the surrounding color as a beaver swam a little way off shore on a determined journey to somewhere, tracing a V on the lake as he swam.

After a quick breakfast I was out myself tracing my own V on the glassy surface with my canoe. This time I paddled across the lake and up around what had been islands in the spring when the lake was full but now formed a peninsula. The lake level was down at least 3' which did not really bother me except that I could not get back into what had been coves as I like to do.

Before long the breeze was up again so I went back to camp and spent a little time reading in the hammock. As I lay there I noticed how tall the trees are in that place, each one struggling to maximize their portion of the leaf canopy. Encouraged by the breeze their precious gems were falling around me in a shower covering everything in yellow, orange and red, all soon to turn brown and become part of the woods floor. I stayed through lunch, a little beyond when my reservation expired, then packed up and went home.

When I have been on a camping trip with my little boat, no matter how short the time away, how close to home or far, I travel home silently, or maybe I will play a bit of quiet music hoping to make the reverie last. I treasure those times away and I have learned through the years that I cannot do it later, cannot put it off. I must seize the opportunity when it presents itself for there will never be another time exactly the same. I make a memory, hoping it will sustain me when I cannot go.

I was glad to have just one more time this year and, yes, though I may yet take the canoe out for a morning ride I am done camping for the year. I have camped enough in bleak, barren November. Even so, I have not told that to anyone this time.



It all began with graduate school roommates considering how best to spend the two months between semesters. What about becoming camp counselors teaching sailing, canoeing and water skiing? So the two of us went off to the American Camping Association to search for a camp that could afford our services. We started off looking for the camp where the cost for the camper was high on the assumption that it was at such a camp we could gain the highest wage.

So it was Camp Viga located on a lake outside of Augusta, Maine, where we taught teenage girls of well to do parents for eight weeks. I was head of the sailing program while Lane took on teaching canoeing and water skiing. We were especially unique camp counselors as I brought with me my Lightning class sailboat and he brought his 16' waterski boat.



My Lightning at Camp Viga.

Being the only male counselors we were housed away from the cabins in a screen-fronted lean to on the edge of Echo Lake with our boats moored on either side of a make-shift pier consisting of rocks and a log. One of the most memorable aspects of the summer nights was the haunting cry of the loons residing on the lake.

One of my assistants in the sailing program was Andrea Nold who, I later learned, was the daughter of very famous parents. More to come on this later on. She was at the camp along with her husband Joe Nold who was hired as the shopper/driver for the camp. He and Andrea had just recently returned to the states after their honeymoon in the Himalayas. Later on Joe became known as Mr Outward Bound. It was he who brought his survival training skills to the states from his work in Scotland.

A unique aspect of my sailing program was that a camper had to be confident at rigging and single handed sailing my Lightning in order to gain her Skipper's Award, a Carriek Bend necklace. I recall well working with a camper who had not personally felt confident in her ability to handle the boat on her own, but I did, and she did after I pushed her off the dock to sail around a prescribed course. In eight weeks of sailing every day campers soon became competent skippers which included man overboard drills and capsizing retrieval.

Now begins the story of how four of us, Andrea and Joe Nold, Lane Johnson and myself set off from the headwaters of Blue Hill Bay for ten days of camping on islands off the Maine Coast to Schoodic Point and back to Blue Hill Bay in my Lightning with only sail as power. Our starting point was after a

Ray's Summer of '58

Ten Days Sailing The Coast of Maine in a Lightning

By Ray Hartjen (Rhartjen12@gmail.com)

night spent in a "cottage" on loan to Drs Lynd and Lynd, Andrea's parents. Each night spent on separate sites, islands and shore points contributed to its unique memory.

In the next ten days we covered close to 120 miles of the coast of Maine from Blue Hill Bay to Schoodic Point and back. As we left Blue Hill Bay on board were Andy and Joe Nold, Patria and myself. Patria was with us for two nights after which she went ashore and joined her friend for a trip back to her family avocado farm in southern California. During the third day we rendezvoused at Naskeag Point with Lane Johnson, my graduate school roommate, who became the fourth crew member.

Each day presented its unique challenge and good memory. We left Blue Hill Bay a little late in the day as it took considerable time bringing on board our supplies and camping gear. Our goal was a modest seven miles to Long Island where we had our first experience of setting up camp and preparing our first dinner. The most memorable portion of that night, at least for me, was avoiding mosquitoes. I thought the best way was to lie in the lee of some driftwood. How wrong I was as it was there that they gathered in order to avoid the night wind.

Day two took us 20 miles south to York Island which lies just east of Isle Au Haut, the southernmost segment of Mount Desert Island National Park. We had a nice cove, good beach, a brief swim in the very chilly water, a safe shore to anchor the Lightning in good water and a York Islander who came by to inform us that a hurricane was on its way up the coast. Our response was to just grin and bear it, go to sleep and hope. It must have gone out to sea as there was no buildup of wind and sea. That led to a critical issue of day three.

We had only ten miles to our rendezvous at Naskeag Point where Patria left us and Lane came aboard. Ten miles is a modest day's sail but not against an outgoing tide on the coast of Maine. The modest wind was of little help. Our goal was supposed to meet at noon but each time we tacked and tacked again were no closer to our goal. Patria was out of her mind as her friend was demanding and punctual and had planned a good day's drive in the first of the five it would take for them to cross the country. It was not until after 3pm that we arrived. Patria left and Lane came aboard. We decided to stay in place at Naskeag where there was a sandy beach where we brought the boat ashore, set up camp and had restful night.

Joe, Lane and Andrea, my crew for the trip.



Day four saw us heading east for 20 miles to round Bass Harbor Light and onto the harbors of Mt Desert Island. Our first stop was to visit the Hinkley Yacht building facilities of a Southwest Harbor. On returning to the boat we found the tide had dropped considerably so now the boat was many, many steps down the adjacent ladder. Much to our dismay a fog came rolling in, leaving us with the only option to stop at a pier serving one of the homes on Greening Island.

Andrea and Joe cautiously approached the home at the dock's head to seek permission to camp on the adjacent shore. They were a charming couple who have great personal skills and were easily embraced by the owner, one Mrs Estay. They returned to the boat all smiles with word of the grand Maine coast hospitality. Not only were we invited to camp out on the shore of Greening Island, we were also invited to use the house showers as Mrs E went with her boat captain to buy groceries. This included four sets of towels with individual soaps, tooth brushes and razors.

All cleaned up, we set to work setting up camp. Nothing was unusual about the camp, dinner and the night except for the fog. As we prepared for our breakfast, coffee, tea and all, Mrs E appeared carrying a basket of freshly baked muffins. We were blown away with gratitude. She invited us to hike the island shoreline up to a point which marked the boundary of her land. The day came and went in the fog along with morning muffins delivered right in time. The next day we decided we had had enough of just idling about so we gathered together our stuff, packed the boat and headed east along the Eastern Way channel between her island the Mt Desert proper.

So we set out across Frenchman's Bay the morning of Labor Day 1958 in the fog with the aid of a handheld compass from Lane's car sitting on one of our seats. We could hear the mid bay buoy ringing which helped to confirm that we were heading east. Our goal was Winter Harbor. In a while the fog lifted some and we could see the peak of Cadillac Mountain.



Lane and I (on the tiller) crossing Frenchman's Bay after the fog lifted.

Soon the mid bay buoy came into view. Our next mark, the buoy at the south end of Winter Harbor, confirmed our navigational skills. The wind had been on our beam from the south for most of the day. When we rounded the Winter Harbor buoy we raised the spinnaker and scooted north to the inner harbor where we found all of the fishing boats, lobster boats, etc at anchor.

We landed at a floating dock where we found a local man and his daughter watching our every move. We asked them why every boat was in, he replied, "We don't go out in weather like this." He became our guide.



Raising the spinnaker at Winter Harbor.

There were two local general stores, one was closed while he, the owner of the other, opened his to enable us to fill some of our immediate need for provisions. As a guide his next offering was to drive us to the end of Schoodic Point where the sea came crashing onto the protruding rocks, a really spectacular site. He returned us to the float and dock, giving us advice where to anchor down the shore inside of a small island.



Anchoring at Schoodic Point with Cadillac Mountain on the horizon.

My enduring memory of that night was of the swim ashore after anchoring the boat safely off. That was a cold, very cold swim. Luckily my crew had a good fire burning. I warmed up quickly. A freshly provisioned dinner and a night's sleep followed.

Day seven brought a fresh weather front with winds from the north. Our route was across Frenchman's Bay to Black Island 16 miles off with a beam reach. The sea buildup was pretty high. We arrived at Black Island at high tide. Unloading our gear went with ease from boat to high land and our campsite. We found a little inlet close by. Always looking for a safe place for the boat, we anchored it in the middle.



Andrea and the author and the Lightning at high tide.

Wow! What a mistake. The tide went out. We checked the boat around 2am only to find it almost on the bottom and the way out with water rushing over the rocks. Needless to say we got to work sliding over the seaweed covered rocks to deep water. Later on, when it came time to move on, there was the boat at least 10' lower with a broad band of seaweed covered rocks between it and us. We had a lot of stuff to get aboard. Attempting to walk back and forth was too dangerous.

I have been a long admirer of breeches buoys used by the Coast Guard to bring stranded seamen ashore from their storm tossed beached ship. So I rigged up a breeches buoy system with one end anchored in the shore rocks and the other way up on the mast. On it was a block with a line from the becket which we attached to our gear and slid it on down to the boat one bundle at a time, but it worked.



The same site at low tide and the use of the breeches buoy system for moving our gear on board.

Our ninth day was a short sail of ten miles to Marshall Island with a noon stopover to explore the harbor of (another) Long Island. A relaxing day with a healthy cold swim before we prepared our last night's dinner.

Day ten saw us heading north 20 miles to return to Blue Hill Bay. We were starting just about adjacent to York Island with a lot of water to our destination. With our luck there was a steady wind out of the south enabling

us to set the spinnaker and scoot north. With it came a buildup of following waves which required very careful steering. One slip and we would broach, with a spinnaker flying we would be over. Our boat was heavily laden, down at least 2"-3" below the waterline. We would fill up and sink in no time.

We were lucky, very lucky. Joe was at the helm when he allowed her to broach to port. The spinnaker pulled us way over. A very frightening moment. But the Lord was on our side and the spinnaker halyard block pulled out of the mast. Up we came. In no time we had the spinnaker out of the water and the jib up and winged out. We made the 20 miles in record time to a warm welcome by the Lynds and a grand celebratory dinner.



Here is the boat unloaded at the end of the trip.

We spent a couple of days as guests of the Lynds (Andrea's parents) after our ten days sailing the coast. The unusual aspect of this was due to my being awed by living in proximity with two very well known educators, Dr Robert Lynd and Dr Helen Lynd*, both residing as Chairs at their respective universities, Columbia and Sara Lawrence College.

One of my strong memories was sitting on the porch in the company of Dr Robert Lynd, Andrea his daughter, and son-in-law Joe Nold. The conversation focused on the young couple's story of their Himalayan honeymoon, the three months they spent exploring beyond normal travel in the mountains. Joe provided detailed descriptions of their travels using burros and Sherpas, living in close proximity with the locals and sharing in their foods.

*My interaction with Dr Helen Lynd focused on my role as being the salad chef for our evening meals. It became a fond part of my memory of the summer of '58.



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Meandering the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

Where It Started

I started sailing four or five years before I ever got on a sailboat. I'm finding after 50 or so years it is mostly a state of mind. A living outside the box. When I first approached life on the outside I was a mere boy of 14, hopelessly enthralled with baseball. One thing led to another and I was graduated to a bench warmer position to relieve the catcher if need be. The need never arose and there I sat.

A friend invited me to go surfing. We hitchhiked to the beach and rented a surfboard for 50 cents. I remember it having a damaged nose. A friend of the proprietor pointed that fact out to him, he, looking at us, said it didn't matter, we'd never get up there anyway. We didn't but we did get some waves, if only the soup, as we learned later it was called. The foamy white stuff. There was no bench to warm any longer. I was out of the box. Never to be told to sit on the beach.

The natural progression to sailing came four years later with a trip to a local island 26 miles off the coast. Then it started. Hooked I was and still am. The occupation I drifted into served me well, as a carpenter in both houses and, for a few years early on, in and out of boatyards. The dreams came fast and furious, alas, so did the beer and other things. Bad choices were finally let go of, sailing remained as well the carpentry skills. The jobs came and went, the boats seemed to come and go as well.

When I read of a 70-some-year-old taking off on his boat, the dream reignites, the sparkle is still there. That should explain why there are so many unfinished sailboats in so many backyards across the land, why there are so many boatyards full of decaying hulks, seemingly abandoned yet the rent is paid every month. Dreams die hard. Most don't understand. There's a saying if you have to ask, don't. Because unless you've been there, you won't know until you get there and there's not any directions to be given to get there. You just have to get out of the box.

Where it starts is anybody's guess and is different in place and time as people. Where it ends? Perhaps in an easy chair, most likely not though. Many a sailor has gone off and never come back. They're slighted as irresponsible duffs, a blight on the boating community. I think perhaps it's the other way round. The hold you backs will never understand, they'll never understand why you sail engineless. Without a GPS? They gasp! Call the Coasties, we've got a live one here! Indeed they do, or at least they thought they did. I slipped out in a fog without instruments.

Most People

Most people living outside the box have as friends others who are living the same, not

all, just others. Others with whom these experiences of life can be shared, then the other others won't feel so left out, left out when not invited to the grand reopening of the Boat-tel.

I'll explain just what this Boat-tel is, although with what has already been explained, I'm sure you can well imagine just what is in my mind and yours by now. All that is required for an ideal situation to set this enterprise up is a small piece of property, an acre might do just fine. On the county side of the nearest city limits would be the place to start. On the city side of the line with the bureaucracy involved with getting through the amount of red tape, this enterprise would be over before it began.

The project, then, will have to be built in the county. On the Gulf Coast with its accompanying season of yearly hurricanes, not always hitting the same section of coast although any one hit is more than enough, just ask around after one of the hurricanes leaves the area. An almost unlimited supply of the sailboats needed is at our disposal through out most of the year.

With these yearly winds and the number of marinas stretched out along the coast from South Texas to Key West, along with the insurance companies wanting to settle claims, coupled with the marina owners wanting their places back in business, I'd think this venture would be off and running pretty darn quick.

Abandoned sailboats, say 30'-40', garnered cheap, 15 or 20 of these, sunk in the ground up to their waterline/boot stripe, a Texas style BBQ hanging off the stern, not one of those cheap jobs bought at the local marine hardware house. A good sized Bimini, big and strong, one that'd be laughed at in a marina but appreciated at the Boat-tel.

I'm beginning to think you're getting the idea. The only real expensive item would be those sump type toilets, pumping up, along with the shower water needing a lift as well. For the first night a free movie could be offered, that old Michael Douglas movie, *Romancing the Stone*. I hope I got that right.

With this knowledge and enough gump-tion and time a landmark could be in the making. Probably take a different type of guy than the usual sailor, they are just too outside the box. A successful business venture such as this, one would have to have at least one foot in the box. That might work.

Lunch Time

In for lunch, while asking a blessing for today's meal, I hear my wife laughing her head off. I thought she was going to end up rolling on the floor laughing. "What's up?" I says. My backwards hat with the pencil seemed to be the issue. Some are easy to please.

Her question, "Why the hat on backwards?" tells me she just doesn't understand sunburnt scalps and epoxy matted hair. Yesterday, glassing inside a locker, the bill kept hitting the locker edge and the hat would fall down over my eyes. Off it went over the side onto the grass. Today I turned it backwards, that's not too bad I thought, only took a day to think of that solution and the wife gets a big kick out of it. I'm not one to get upset at a little ribbing, not with a plate of tacos in front of me.

The day before yesterday I was inside the boat, that's where the matted hair comes in. On my back, laying on a rib, reaching under the cockpit, I remembered thinking of doing the far reaches of epoxy work first, then the stuff nearer so I wouldn't stick my head in the fresh epoxy. Well, the remembering came a bit late. I tell my Linda I can't see it in the mirror is as good as saying I can't see it from my house. It'll grow back soon.

Years ago, before epoxy use was so common, we glassed our surfboards with polyester resin. Whew! Stinky stuff. In the *Surfer* magazine at that time, this was in the mid '60s, a cartoon showed two high school girls walking to class carrying their books. One says to the other, "He never noticed me until I started putting resin behind my ears." Oh, epoxy! The bane of clothes, ruining a good pair of pants is one thing, sitting on the couch is quite another. My Linda is constantly on me to dust off. In the house already she states, "You didn't dust off, did you?" In my defense I ask how she can tell? "You leave dust behind on the ice box where you close it with your knee!"

Another time an elderly neighbor gal comes by for a visit. I had been outside cutting something. I get up and excuse myself, leaving the two of them talking. Seems I left some sawdust behind on the very chair offered to the guest. I heard later about that one.

I bought an air compressor, a small cheap one, to help with blowing the dust off. This was before the shed. All work being done out in the open under the oak. The sun's UV rays destroyed the air hose in no time and it was back to a brush. It was noisy anyway.

Sometimes I think I'll wait until she leaves before I start sanding or grinding but I'm only fooling myself. The fridge will tell on me.

Walter

There's some of you out there, perhaps a good portion actually, who know Walter. Related in some form or fashion, if not distance kin, then at least good friends of the fellow. I first read about Walter back in grammar school. Read a book about him, *The Life and Times of Walter Mitty*. Although our

names are spelled differently, we're blood bound through and through.

He commuted to work as many of us do, he'd miss his get off point, bus stop or train station, whatever the case may be. All because his mind was elsewhere. I think we can relate. In grade school one of my teachers early on told my mom I was forever gazing out the windows. Yes, Walter and I go back many years.

That's where voyages begin actually. Even if they be of a few day's duration, the imagination is sparked or set afire and go we must. Some even go so far as building a specific sailboat for a specific event. There are plenty of the Mitty folk who've sailed the Texas 200 in craft especially built for the event, another is the Everglades Challenge, there are more as well.

Of the Mitty clan, I suspect they're one of the few families that can cross all boundaries of every nation on earth and people group ever to exist. This Mitty clan, I also suspect, may very well be the only clan that allows others entry irregardless of place of birth. It shouldn't oughta be but that's the way it is.

Walter's done some microcruising as well. A friend of his, years ago, lived aboard a 12-footer for a spell, another older gent I read about with one leg gone lived aboard his 12 as well, under a bridge, sold bait after having rowed out to obtain it. These dreams we hold don't have us yearning to live under bridges, safe to say, but those bridge types certainly had dreams we could relate to at one time or another. The voyages of the dreams, truth be known, are just the thing that spurs many on to accomplish the unaccomplishable, or so they're told. You can't do that! How are you going to eat? Where are you going to live?

I met a fellow sailor who took his many years of experience backpacking, along with another friend of similar knowledge, and were dropped off in the wilderness as if they were whisked off the street. Only the clothes on their backs and the knowledge in their heads to see them through for a month.

Where did it start, this dream to do such a thing? To sail the tip of South America, to kayak the west coast of the Americas, to sail across the bay to the next harbour? Uncle Walt, the inspiration of so many known, and the unknown of many more.

To all the relatives of Walter Mitty, arise and offer a toast in his name. May his name ever be an inspiration.

Then why...

"Then why," said he, "don't you chuck it?" A line read by me out of a book about a voyage delivering coal up the Amazon, and further, having sailed from England and returned in 1910. Indeed, why not chuck it? Why not quit the job and go? This particular fellow did just that, signed on as a purser. The question asked by the skipper.

The question asked by others as well over the years, and still asked today. To you and I the question is just as revealing as to the chains that bind. I'm too old! Or possibly too well read in the book of reasons why not to.

If ever a book deserved to be thrown upon the fire that would be the one. Hold backs, reasons why, obligation, peers is a good one, as in peer pressure. There was a sailor, didn't start sailing until his wife's death, I think he was 65. Soon he was crossing oceans, he's dead now, but he put some water under his keel first.

Why don't we chuck it? My wife now of 16 years said to me early on, "Why don't you quit work? Let's go do something else!" Incredulous! Would be the word used to best describe what I was about to do by those at the office. One fellow inspector with his son I had run into and explained my leaving. I remember his ten-year-old son asking his father to do the same, "Think of all we could do together!" he said to his dad.

The reason for staying given by this fellow and so many others? Money, benefits, all had more coming than I. A mere five years vesting, mine. Theirs, an average of 15 years. We can live on less, then why don't we? I think our values get skewed, society's unspoken and spoken taboos of going somewhere most aren't.

Ribs

Here in Texas, ribs is what most people associate with BBQ and there are some good pickings here along the coast as well. Much to choose from. The ribs in this missive are of the type of which God took from Adam, one anyway.

Years ago while working for myself, laying on the floor, reaching into the cutout in the wood floor where the floor furnace used to be, overreaching, pulling on what I don't remember, pop! Oh the pain, just laying there, too hurt to move, no one else on the job, these things happen it seems when I'm alone.

After a while the pain subsided enough for me to put away the tools, lock up and go home. I took a few days off, when I did get back to work it was mostly pointing fingers for a while.

Well I did it again, but first aside, just got off the phone with a friend who somehow wrenched his back, alone, and had to get himself to emergency, alone, and get back home after 12 hours of doctors prodding and poking, to feed the livestock. What I did wasn't near so bad, although sleeping is kind of spotty.

My little fiasco started down at the dock. Dad gum dock cleat grabbed my shoe and wouldn't let go. I went down hard and didn't bounce. Hence the bruised rib. At the office I was egged on by one to tell of my mishap. Charlie asked if I'd fallen in the water. I said, "No, I wish I had, it'd been a bit softer."

Last year, I can share this now, enough time has passed, I did end up in the water. No audience, I was spared the embarrassment. Coming into the dock, I can never tell if it's going to be eventful or just bumps. Well, I don't recall just how so I can't even tell you how not to do it.

Plain and simple, spread eagle. Yep! One foot on the dock, the other on a rapidly moving boat, rapidly moving away from the dock. I was in and out so fast I didn't even get wet. I wish that were true. But it is true the docks were empty. Unheard of.

And! I managed to come up with the bowline still in my hand. That swim was quick and over with quick as a lick. This sore rib has been talking to me now for a week. I guess it will for a while yet, outside of uncomfortable sleep, slow getting up, it's not too bad.

I got the trailer fixed this past week, put new bearings on the hubs as well. Moving along, just slower. Had a birthday as well, the 69th, been a busy week.

Red Top Shined

N15-25, gust to 30mph. A nice ride out into the bay, very comfortable. Had I been in the *Fox* worry would have been aboard with me. Just told Linda, she said, "That makes *Red Top* a keeper!"

"Yes, it does, yes, it does." Leaving the dock with a north wind blowing 25-30mph, I choose the west side while 99% of the time I leave from the east side of Cove Harbour south, right at the fish cleaning station. As I was unloading the boat a sport fisher came in and his transom hung out past the dock end by a foot or so. With the wind coming straight down the shoot I'd be on a port tack and I was a bit concerned about how far he was sticking out.

Maybe 30' across to the other dock, the leeboard would have to grab instantly, no main sheet flubbing by the crew, he would have to pull in the main sheet as I climbed in the boat off the dock and took care of the lines later. Still, I'm looking at that transom. That engine, his hydraulic fiberglass pole used as an anchor hangs off the starboard corner of his transom, the one nearest me. I hemmed and hawed about asking him to pull forward. Finally I did and asked him to back up 10'.

"Back up?" he asked.

"Well, forward, onward, toward the ramp. I need a bit of space leaving the dock, no engine, sails only." He said he'd move and I walked back down the dock, crossed the ramp and up the other dock to my waiting dinghy.

He moved and I set sail, leaving the dock. With room to spare, didn't need him moved after all. It took a few back 'n forths across the harbour, getting the sail set to the wind, almost scooped water several times. Thought about putting in another reef, but let that thought go with the breezes. I know the old saw about if you think about a reef it's too late. Well, if that be the case, it was too late and I decided to go with what was up. I did have one reef in.

It was an enjoyable sail, I donned a jacket, I would have been chilled out on the bay otherwise. Was planning on sailing north just off the beach or as close off the beach as the many private piers would allow. Doing such would put me out where the ponies were running at times. There it started to get wet, the chop grew and the white stuff flying. One hand on the tiller, the other on the mainsheet with the feet moving lines around, it was a bit busy.

The only loose gear was forward under the cabin and that was staying put. It usually does. I was tethered onto the mainsheet end with a safety harness. I stayed out for a bit and, satisfied that *Red Top* could go uphill in these conditions, I turned back toward the harbour. Before falling off on a port tack I made sure the leeboard was up, then secured the starboard one as I went around through the eye of the wind. Once settled I dropped the port board down some to ease the pressure on the tiller.

I had it all to myself. Even had the docks to myself as well. I dropped the sail about 30 or 40 yards upwind and drifted in for a smooth eggshell landing. If I left it at that I'd be lying. If I had a dozen frozen eggs, they would have been left along the dockside, smashed between my leeboard and the dock. I gave them boards extra glass during the refit. They double as fenders. A nice sail.

Paddle One

On September 25 I arrived at the Salt Creek "put in" to find a pickup truck and trailer blocking my shaded "put in" spot at the creek bank. This spot grows a cool shade tree next to the bank. The truck door had a name stenciled on it which read Midwest Biological Institute. No one was around so I proceeded to fetch my 10' wooden kayak from my van. I lucked out with the number one parking spot closest to the creek. I rolled my kayak down to the water's edge in the bright sunlight wondering why that truck was in my favorite spot.

After stowing my tote wheels and grabbing my paddle and camera, but before donning my PFD, I heard a loud splash. Looking out across the water I saw this big white and brown bird explode out of the water and rise up into the sky. It circled a couple of times and then dove back into the water. The second time it climbed out and circled back toward me and finally landed in a big dead cottonwood nearby for a photo opportunity.



It looked like an osprey and later checked out correctly as one. I had never seen one in this creek before. Was it easy fishing that brought it here today? The local great blue heron just watched from across the creek. Then the osprey left the cottonwood and glided overhead and over the dam disappearing downstream.

With the osprey gone, I pushed off into the warm, clear creek water while a gentle wind helped push me upstream in search of peace and quiet. I'm solo today as my son Mike is with me in spirit only. He was my paddling partner for the last 15 years until the Lord took him in June of this year.

As I neared the pedestrian bridge I came upon the answer to that unusual truck and boat trailer. The Midwest Biological Institute motor powered boat was anchored and busy doing fish counts. They count fish by electrically shocking the water and just net the stunned fish that rise up to the water surface. That might explain why the osprey was out picking up groggy or stunned fish

A Callaway Day on the Salt

By Bob McAuley

for breakfast! The MBI trio did show me the only bass I saw all day! I thanked them for the information and paddled upstream after chatting with people on the bridge.

It was satisfying to be on the sun soaked water just gliding along quietly observing the fall colors beginning to form on some of the shoreline trees. The reds and oranges were a treat to the eyes. The red sumac glistened from its vines wrapped tightly around the older tree trunks. Moving into the wide shallow creek bed past the old boathouse/museum, I spotted those old rotting golf balls laying on the clamshell covered creek bed. In no time I scooped up a dozen, including my favorite "Callaway."

Attempting to circle the island I was stopped again because of that downed tree blocking the narrow channel. It was time to start back and, after returning downstream while nearing the dam and take out, I spotted two of my favorite herons. For years I have tried to get these two in the same camera frame for a picture. The great blue heron and the black crowned night heron today were only 40' apart, perched upon logs in the water above the dam. As I neared them, gliding silently downstream with a helpful light tailwind, I grabbed my camera and started shooting first with just one in the viewfinder, then both in the picture!



Paddle Two

A week later brought me back to paddle our local Salt Creek again but not "solo" this time. This time I had the company of two of the most beautiful women I know. My daughters Meagan and Amanda wanted to paddle with Pops! In separate kayaks. Meagan piloted my 10-footer, Amanda piloted

the 9' stick and Dacron kayak and I my 13' take apart kayak. They did this in a show of care, support and remembrance of our late son and brother Michael. We were so proud when he made the front cover of the February 2017 *MAIB*.



We were blessed with another sunny warm autumn day as we pushed off from the rocky bank. We were welcomed upon our first few strokes by the local egret who posed for pictures with the girls in them. Thank you Mr Egret! We paddled upstream side by side and talked of days ago and plans for the future. The two buck deer didn't show today but we were greeted by the kingfisher and flocks of noisy geese. The changing fall colors in the trees along the shoreline were an added treat.



After passing the bridge, I steered my daughters into a shallow where those golf balls drift into during high water. I handed Amanda my golf ball extractor and between the two girls they did snag one Titleist for the day! We visited the Catalpa tree grove along the bank and viewed the ripe for pickin' brown cigars. No, we didn't smoke any!

My fanny called for a turn back and we all agreed to head back. It was great to be paddling with my girls and I think Mike was there also. After landing, we picked up some grub at MacDonalds and picnicked on a bench next to the dam and mill. There we toasted Michael for being a great caring brother and son.

Keep on paddlin!



Great Blue Heron

Adults are slaty gray with a slight azure blue flight feathers, red brown thighs and a paired red brown and black stripe up the flanks, the neck is rusty gray with black and white streaking down the front, the head is paler with a nearly white face and a pair of black or slate plumes runs from just above the eye to the back of the head. The bill is dull yellowish and the lower legs are gray.

Black Crowned Night Heron

Adults have a black crown and back with the remainder of the body white or grey, red eyes and short yellow legs. They have pale grey wings and white under parts. They do not fit the typical body form of the heron family, being relatively stocky with shorter bills, legs and necks. Their resting posture is normally somewhat hunched but when hunting they extend their necks and look more like other wading birds.



The '95 Oarmaster Trials

By Bob Hicks

The Oarmaster Trials was a simpler experiment this year, testing a variety of rowing boats against one another, for the organizers, the Cape Cod Vikings, decided that they had gone as far as they could with the concept in solo oarsman format and opted to try out boats suitable for doubles rowing. Thus we had only six boats, twelve crew, and the round robin could work well one time around, six races would do it.

The array of boats ranged from a heavy 324 pound Banks Dory to an ultra-light 97 pound Muskoka Lake Skiff, from a 22' Stretched Piscataqua Wherry to a 15' Spruce Creek Wherry. The presence of the unwieldy and hopelessly outclassed Banks Dory in a contest of speed was explained by one onlooker, who suggested, "well, they had to drive a stake in the sand somewhere as a starting point."

The crews included some of the best known New England traditional oarsmen,

but an element of uncertainty was introduced when the teams were paired off by the luck of the draw. Still, when the names of Dan O'Reilly and Bob Powers came up as a team, it was instantly referred to as the "dream team". Turned out there was an even better match, as Jon Daly and Ray Fleming bested the "dream team" by just over a minute in an aggregate total of almost 45 minutes of rowing in six heats.

It was grey with lingering rain showers from a Saturday deluge, and a brisk west wind was blowing. The course, just off a sand beach in South Orleans on Cape Cod's Pleasant Bay, was a three sided affair around marks, downwind from the start, across on the second leg and upwind to the finish. Winning times in each heat ranged from six to seven minutes. Brief breaks between the six heats allowed crews to rest up, and as you might expect, times got gradually slower, the first heat in 6:22 the fastest, the last in 7:16 the slowest. Pretty good work for a bunch of guys out rowing for fun.

A couple of things soon became apparent. The fleet divided into two fleets, the "fast boats" in a leading group, the "slow boats duelling it out further back. And it soon became obvious that long wa-

terline would beat light weight, as Jon Aborn's 22' Stretch Piscataqua Wherry and Floating the Apple's 19' Cheticamp between them took five of the wins with the shorter, lighter 17' Muskoka Lake Skiff garnering only one win. These three comprised the "fast" fleet.

The only boat from the "slow fleet" to break into the top three finishers was Cliff Punchard's Spruce Creek Wherry which garnered a 2nd spot in the first heat propelled by the 4th place overall team of Larry O'Brien and Doug Scott. The "stake in the sand" Banks dory placed 4th in one heat and 5th in two others to the surprise of many, the 4th place finish earned by overall winning team Jon Daly and Ray Fleming. And the worst placing boat from the fast fleet was the Muskoka Lake Skiff, a 4th place in the 1st heat rowed by the 6th place overall team of Mike Cushing and Mark Peters.

The teams did make a difference in degree, but the basic boat configurations really controlled the overall results. Jon Aborn's decision to stretch his successful Piscataqua River Wherry hull when he decided to build a faster boat has proven to be based on solid thinking, waterline governs if weight can be kept moderate.



25 Years Ago in **MAIB**

Clockwise from above: A fleeting moment of glory as the Banks dory sprints out ahead of the fleet at the start of one heat, Peter Corbett and Dan Noyes giving it their all. Research can be a lonely task, the entire gathering on the beach. Close finishes: Mike Cushing and Mark Peters in Cheticamp edge John Daly and Ray Fleming in the Swampscott. Peter Fleming and Paul Hickman in the Stretch Piscataqua Wherry edge Jon Daly and Ray Fleming in the Spruce Creek Wherry. Peter Fleming and Paul Hickman in Cheticamp edge Mike Cushing and Mark Peters in the Muskoka Lake Skiff.



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Top team of Ray Fleming and Jon Daly with organizer Bernie Smith.



Time to head home, teamwork carrying the 273 pound Swampscott dory up from the beach, and loading the 172 pound Cheticamp onto the Mystic seaport van.



The Results

The Teams

1 - Jon Daly & Ray Fleming	42:33
2 - Dan O'Reilly & Bob Powers	43:37
3 - Peter Corbett & Dan Noyes	43:45
4 - Larry O'Brien & Doug Scot	44:23
5 - Peter Fleming & Paul Hickman	46:19
6 - Mike Cushing & Mark Peters	46:40

The Boats

1) Stretched Piscataqua Wherry

LOA	22' 2.5"
LWL	21' 1"
Max Beam	48"
Weight	205lbs
Time	41:24

2) Cheticamp 19

LOA	19' 1.5"
LWL	18' 2"
Max Beam	45.3"
Weight	172lbs
Time	42:25

3) Muskoka Lake Skiff

LOA	17' 2"
LWL	15' 7"
Max Beam	48"
Weight	97lbs
Time	43:05

4) Spruce Creek Wherry

LOA	15' 7"
LWL	15' 2"
Max Beam	48"
Weight	184lbs
Time	45:16

5) Swampscott Dory

LOA	17' 0"
LWL	12' 7"
Max Beam	55"
Weight	273lbs
Time	46:38

6) Banks Dory

LOA	19' 9"
LWL	15' 5"
Max Beam	66"
Weight	324lbs
Time	48:29



Boston, Massachusetts

The crews of Coast Guard Cutter *Sitkinak*, a 110' Island Class Patrol Boat homeported in Portland, Maine, and from Coast Guard Station Gloucester, Massachusetts, towed a disabled fishing vessel 65 nautical miles off of Kennebunk, Maine. Coast Guard Sector Northern New England watchstanders received a call from the owner of the 77' fishing vessel *Sea Farmer II* reporting the ship was disabled and crew was requesting assistance.

Sitkinak's crew arrived on scene and towed them 60 nautical miles over the course of 19 hours to rendezvous with a sister ship of the fishing vessel, and attempt repairs. A Coast Guard Station Gloucester 47' Motor Life Boat crew then escorted the fishing vessel safely into Gloucester Harbor.

Weather on scene was 2'-3' seas and 10-15 knots of wind.



Portsmouth, Virginia

Coast Guard Sector Virginia crews successfully coordinated refloating a cargo ship that ran aground a quarter mile northwest of Sewell's Point in Norfolk, Virginia. Seven tugs were instrumental in refloating the *Hong Dai*, a Panamanian flagged 738' bulk carrier vessel, with the high tide. The *Hong Dai* remained at anchor under a Captain of the Port Order restricting its movement until an underwater survey can be conducted by the company and the vessel is deemed fully safe to sail by the officer in charge of marine inspections.



The coordination was conducted through Sector Virginia's prevention department, utilizing teams of port state control officers, marine inspectors and marine investigators supported by a 45' Response Boat Medium crew from Coast Guard Station Portsmouth to ensure the safety and stability of the ship and identify any potential pollution threats. The Port of Virginia's Maritime Incident Response Team also provided assistance.

"The key to this successful marine salvage operation was the coordination of multiple port partners coming together and working for the continued safety, security and prosperity of the Port of Virginia," said Cmdr

20 – *Messing About in Boats*, January 2021



Our Coast Guard in Action

Dean Horton, prevention department head at Sector Virginia.

At the time of the grounding, crewmembers from the *Hong Dai* reported the bulk carrier had 22 crewmembers aboard and was carrying a cargo of coal, 188,000 gallons of low sulfur fuel oil, diesel and lube oil collectively.

Jacksonville, Florida

Coast Guard crews rescued three people after their personal watercraft was pulled out offshore one mile south of St John's River Inlet. Coast Guard Sector Jacksonville watchstanders were notified that a PWC with three people were pulled one mile offshore and the call from the people dropped. Watchstanders issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast and directed the launch of Station Mayport RB-M crew.

A Jacksonville County Sheriff's helicopter crew arrived on scene first and assisted a Coast Guard Station Mayport 45' Response Boat Medium crew to locate the three people on the PWC. The on scene weather conditions were 4' seas and wind gust of 12mph. It was reported the PWC had an entangled line in the prop disabling it. The RB-M crew towed the PWC and transported the three people safely back to Morningstar Marina.



Savannah, Georgia

The Coast Guard and Georgia Department of Natural Resources rescued two people from a sailing vessel taking on water two miles offshore of St Catherines Sound. Coast Guard Sector Charleston watchstanders received a report from a commercial salvage company stating a 47' sailing vessel was tak-

ing on water and they were losing communication with the sailing vessel.

A Coast Guard Air Station Savannah MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew arrived and hoisted a woman from the sailing vessel *Garden of Eden* and Georgia Department of Natural Resources boat crew removed a man. Air Station Savannah transported the woman to Hunter Army Airfield and the Georgia Department of Natural Resources boat crew transported the man to a local boat ramp. The vessel was salvaged.



Charleston, South Carolina

The Coast Guard medevaced a captain from a 40' pontoon vessel with 19 passengers aboard in Santee Bay. Coast Guard Sector Charleston watchstanders received a call from a good Samaritan stating a pontoon boat ran aground and the captain of the vessel was unconscious. A Coast Guard Air Station Savannah MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew hoisted the captain into the helicopter and transferred him to Georgetown Memorial Hospital. A Coast Guard Aids to Navigation Team Georgetown 26' Trailerable Aids to Navigation Boat crew and a South Carolina Department of Natural Resources small boat assisted in removing the passengers from the beach. The sister pontoon boat arrived on scene and transferred the passengers to Georgetown Landing Marina.



St Petersburg, Florida

The Coast Guard rescued six people from a capsizing recreational vessel near the Skyway Bridge in Tampa Bay. Coast Guard Sector St Petersburg watchstanders received a distress call on marine radio channel 16 from the vessel operator reporting the vessel was close to capsizing. Coast Guard Stations Cortez and St Petersburg 45' Response Boat Medium boat crews arrived on scene and embarked the six people in distress. Two people wearing life jackets were pulled from the water by Station Cortez and the remaining four on the boat were picked up by Station St Petersburg. All six were safely transferred by Station Cortez to a local boat ramp. Hillsborough County Fire and Rescue also responded. Sea Tow recovered the vessel and transferred it to a marina.

"Regardless of how a person ends up in the water, wearing a life jacket is the single most important precaution a person can take to increase their chances of survival when situations like this take place," said Capt Mathew Thompson, commanding officer of Coast Guard Sector St Petersburg. "This is why we urge all boaters to have life jackets with them."



New Orleans, Louisiana

The Coast Guard and partner agencies continue to search for two overdue paddle boarders Thursday near Fort Walton Beach, Florida. Missing were two teenagers, male and female, last seen in the water wearing blue and gray life jackets near Pelican Island Condos. Watchstanders with Coast Guard Sector Mobile received a report from Okaloosa County Sheriff's dispatch reporting two teenagers overdue after they rented one red and white paddle board. The rental company stated the teenagers were due back at 5pm. The watchstanders issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast and directed the launch of search and rescue assets. Involved in the search are: Coast Guard Station Destin 45' Response Boat-Medium boat-crew, Aviation Training Center Mobile air-crew, Coast Guard Cutter *Albacore* crew, Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission assets and Okaloosa County Sheriff's Office all terrain vehicle.



San Francisco, California

The Coast Guard rescued two adults and a child who were stranded in a marsh near Fremont. California Highway Patrol notified Coast Guard Sector San Francisco watchstanders of a report of three people stranded in the marsh near Fremont. Watchstanders launched a Coast Guard Air Station San Francisco MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew to the scene. The helicopter crew located the vessel with the three stranded individuals and deployed a rescue swimmer who helped hoist the three people into the helicopter. The air-crew then transported the three people to San Francisco International Airport.

San Francisco, California

The Coast Guard rescued a man and his dog on Monday after his sailboat ran aground near Hercules. The man, aboard his 24' sailboat, contacted Coast Guard Sector San Francisco watchstanders via VHF Channel 16 stating that his motor wasn't working and he was drifting towards rocks. Coast Guard Sector San Francisco watchstanders launched a Coast Guard Air Station San Francisco MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew to the scene.

Once on the scene, the Dolphin crew lowered the rescue swimmer. The helicopter crew then hoisted the man and his dog into the helicopter and transported them to Concord-Padgett Regional Airport.

"This case was successful thanks to the mariner having working communication equipment and quickly contacting the Coast Guard on VHF Channel 16," said Capt Howard Wright, the Sector San Francisco deputy

commander. "We encourage all mariners to confirm that their safety equipment is operational before getting on the water."

Eureka, California

The Coast Guard rescued two people aboard a disabled vessel approximately 11 miles southwest of Petrolia. Crewmembers aboard the pleasure craft *Wooden Mistress*, a 52' motor vessel, contacted Coast Guard Sector Humboldt Bay command center watchstanders via VHF radio Channel 16, reporting that their vessel was disabled. Watchstanders directed the launch of a Coast Guard Station Humboldt Bay 47' Motor Lifeboat crew.

The boat crew arrived on scene and put the *Wooden Mistress* in a stern tow en route to Eureka. During the tow the *Wooden Mistress* began taking on water. The MLB crew transferred two crewmembers and a dewatering pump to the vessel. The flooding rate continued to increase during the dewatering of the vessel.

The MLB crew cancelled the tow and rescued the *Wooden Mistress* crewmembers before the vessel sank approximately 28 miles south of Eureka. The Coast Guard crew took the *Wooden Mistress* crew back to Humboldt Bay.



San Francisco, California

The Coast Guard and several good Samaritans rescued three people aboard a disabled sailboat that was found Friday approximately 75 miles southwest of Gualala

Point. Crewmembers aboard the *CMA CGA Aquila*, a 190' motor vessel, contacted Coast Guard Sector San Francisco command center watchstanders via VHF radio Channel 16, reporting three people aboard the *Sirus*, a 33' sailboat, that was found disabled.

The *CMA CGA Aquila* crew reported a member aboard the *Sirus* had suffered a minor head injury and the vessel had damage to its sails, engine and steering components. The *Sirus* crew said that they had been out to sea for 13 days on their route from Coos Bay, Oregon to San Diego and were low on food and water.

Coast Guard watchstanders issued an urgent marine information broadcast and diverted the crew aboard the Coast Guard Cutter *Tern*, an 87' patrol boat homeported in San Francisco, from Santa Cruz. Several good Samaritans responded to the urgent marine information broadcast offering assistance to the *Sirus*. The crew aboard the *Seanna*, a 195' yacht, reported they were approximately 30 miles away and diverted course toward the *Sirus*. The crew aboard the *Polar Enterprise* reported they were approximately 75 miles away and diverted course toward the *Sirus*.

The *CMA CGA Aquila* crew transferred food and water to the *Sirus* and remained on scene until the *Seanna* arrived on scene and transferred a VHF radio, flares, food and water. The *Seanna* crew then remained on scene until the *Polar Enterprise* arrived on scene and remained on scene until the Coast Guard crew aboard *Tern* arrived.

The *Tern* crew arrived on scene and put the *Sirus* in a stern tow en route to Bodega Bay. During the transit the *Tern* crew reported hazardous sea conditions and Coast Guard watchstanders recommended diverting course toward the San Francisco Bay to provide a safer ride in the sea state. The *Tern* crew met a Coast Guard Station Golden Gate 47' Motor Life Boat crew in the vicinity of the Golden Gate Bridge and transferred them to the MLB crew who completed the tow and safely moored the vessel in Sausalito.

"These folks are lucky to be alive," said Capt Howard Wright, the deputy commander of Coast Guard Sector San Francisco. "This happy outcome was the result of tremendous cooperation between the Coast Guard, private companies and vessels. I especially want to thank the crews, agents and owners of the *CMA CGA Aquila*, *Seanna* and *Polar Enterprise* for selflessly safeguarding the lives onboard the *Sirus* until Coast Guard crews arrived. This case highlights the vital importance of being properly equipped when starting a voyage and creating a float plan to ensure the Coast Guard is notified if the voyage does not go as planned."



Merchant Fleet

Port Authorities are reporting a significant loss of business due to corona virus and China's political issues that dropped retail container use to the lowest levels in five years. However, 2021 looks promising and ports are expanding their operations in anticipation of increasing need. The Port of Los Angeles and the Union Pacific Railroad have teamed to ensure medical supplies are moving efficiently. During this type of fluidity, new partnerships and business agility are necessary.

The nexus between railroads and merchant ships is and has been close. Some called them robber barons and others perceive them as entrepreneurs, but the ultra-rich of the Gilded Era founded our maritime business. Once, when the US was on the verge of bankruptcy, J.P. Morgan simply loaned the national government enough money for America to remain solvent. Now that is Big Money!

The railroad magnates of the era, wallowing in money, saw the opportunity to expand their business once we had coast to coast tracks. Union Pacific's Ames brothers looked to San Francisco as the Gateway to the Orient. Under the guidance of Jay Gould and Edward Harriman they had the financial wherewithal to simply build warehouses, ports, docks and purchase steamships for the San Francisco to Japan route. They then pressured Congress for the overseas mail monopoly and appropriate fiscal support. They also took over Western Union, using land grants munificently given them by Congress. Certainly the country could not afford to build such an enterprise so it was due to the interests of the ultra wealthy to create steamship service across the Pacific.

Central Pacific railroad (with several Board members also on the Union Pacific Board of Directors) decided to create a second steamship company. Union Pacific (that owned Pacific Mail) simply agreed with Central Pacific to start a second steamship line called the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company. With shareholders owning both the railroads and the two "competitive" steamship companies, they all made out like bandits. Nevertheless, a handful of men literally (and not "virtually") developed the West Coast cities and ports and merchant import-export business including the building of harbors, docks, storage facilities, shipbuilding companies, hiring crew, stevedores, etc.

Canadian Pacific Railroad decided they wanted in on the action. Once their lines ran to British Columbia, they followed the same path as other railroads and simply built a city and bought a bunch of ships. They could run from Canada to Yokohama in seven days. A pile of silk sitting in Japan could be a dress on Manhattan within two weeks.

To make even more money, all the steamship companies carried passengers. They built luxury staterooms for the First Class folks and adequate conditions for steerage. Travel between Asia and the Americas became easy and affordable. With the opening of the Panama Canal, around the world travel was not uncommon. Unquestionably, this entire enterprise could only have been accomplished by individuals and not by any government. Of course, the individuals had a lot more money than any government. Robber barons or entrepreneurs?

The 15,000-container ship *CMA CGM Brazil*, the largest container ship to call on a US port, arrived in New York. Most of the cargo was for Amazon or Walmart. With the



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

ongoing rift between China and the US, sea trade has moved toward the East Coast.

New York Port Director Sam Ruda said that in 2017 the coast had seen 30 ultra sized container ships and in 2019 143 such vessels called on New York. In 2020 they already had seen 146 huge merchant ships by the end of the summer.

Logistics companies are complaining that they are unable to book cars on BSNF or Union Pacific railroads because of low cost rail shipping. Once upon a time a container could be shipped from Los Angeles to Chicago via truck for about \$1,000. Today it ranges between \$7,000 to \$8,000. Shipping companies have turned to the railroads for transport on which they can send a container coast to coast for less than \$1,000. Not only is this a fiscally solid method, it is much better for the environment and it lessens all those trucks rolling down I-80. Truckers may disagree.

A *Waterways Journal* advertisement for barges noted that a single barge could carry 224 20' TEU containers. A large tow of 15 barges could handle 3,360 containers. Trucks tend to haul only one container. The amount of gas used by trucks, to say nothing of traffic jams and roadway wear, is evidence enough for waterway hauling.

The Port of Los Angeles reports that they just processed the greatest number of containers ever to enter the US. After the horrific first quarter of 2020 the numbers were a welcome relief but the downside means that this is all imports and the US is way behind in exports. Interestingly, 38 containers were just full of Pelotons. Guess what a lot of people are getting for Christmas?

History

The National Maritime Historical Society's *Sea History* noted the little recognized contribution of black sailors in nautical business and they focused on a long forgotten ship, *Wyoming*, that reputedly was the largest wooden sailing ship ever built. The collier was a six masted gaff rigged schooner with five, yes indeed five, foresails that leaves one wondering how all those sails were named. Obviously it had a foresail, a jib, a flying jib, but what were the other two? What do you call the masts? Someone please proffer an adequate answer.

The boat had 22 sails including six gaff mainsails (one to five were of equal size with a larger spanker), six gaff topsails, five staysails and five foresails.

Wyoming was 450' in length with a beam of 50'. She was so large that she tended to twist and buckle allowing water to enter, therefore, she had to run pumps while sailing. She did have a steam engine but it was for raising and lowering sails and anchors, not propulsion. This mechanical advantage allowed a smaller crew and she typically sailed with 13 men.

The article noted that this behemoth of a ship was crewed by mostly black sailors and indeed a photo from the World War I era definitely shows that the crew was predominately African American. Unfortunately *Wyoming* was lost with all hands in a storm off Nantucket in October 1924.

The National Maritime Historical Society provides a leadership role of the sundry ship museums around the country. From submarines in Wisconsin to battleships in Los Angeles, communities seek to preserve ships and educate people about the uniqueness of a variety of vessels. The key question becomes what is worthy of preservation and who is covering the expenses.

The *USS Olympia*, from which Admiral Dewey uttered the totally forgettable phrase, "Fire when ready, Gridley," rusticates at its Philadelphia pier, barely afloat but sitting pretty next to the *USS Becuna* that itself is costly to maintain. Sundry associations, groups, state and local governments have all requested public money to retain these somewhat historic vessels.

All four of the *Iowa* class battleships have become museums and all four have ongoing funding requests to veteran's organizations, the general public and the government. Currently an active group within the state of Iowa is raising funds for the *USS Iowa*, although it is berthed in Los Angeles. The problem is that currently there is the *USS Iowa*, the submarine, committees trying to raise \$500,000 for the christening and commissioning of that new ship. The two groups make attempts to be non competitive but veteran's associations all over the state are confused about who is who.

Approximately 80 former US Navy ships are now museums pieces. Add to the list the merchant ships, Coast Guard vessels, ocean liners and other floating objects that require continual repairs and monetary expenditures, and a lot of cash is needed.

PTF-26, the last patrol boat of its class, is looking for a home. Although licensed in Kentucky, the boat is in California. Because of an accident, the transportation of it to a location in Florida added a quiet \$90,000 to the bill. This again begs the question about what is historically significant to warrant continued funding.

As of now 24 retired submarines are open to the public within the United States. The annual cost of maintaining these typically World War II models is staggering. The educational value of all these is questionable. The impact on tourism is worthy of exploration. While all port cities love their maritime history, how much is too much?

No one would want the *USS Constitution* to rot away in Boston nor would anyone want to see the *USS Constellation* sink in Baltimore, but how many aircraft carriers or battleships are adequate to meet our historic preservation needs? The National Maritime Historical Society and the Navy's Historical and Heritage Command have some tough decisions to make.

Truth be known, this writer belongs to the NMHS and the Historic Naval Ships Association and is on the *USS Iowa* (SSN-797) Commissioning Committee.

Inland Waterways

Campbell Transportation spent \$2.2 million per boat in order to modernize their fleet. They installed completely new propulsion systems that improve handling, use less

fuel and reduce emissions. The five nearly identical towboats were originally built by Jeff Boat in Indiana but the refurbishing was done in partnership with Electra Shipyard. The boats now run with Caterpillar 3512 Tier 3 engines outfitted with Twin Disc MGX5600 gears and new kort nozzles registering 3,300hp. They also have all new electric steering that reduces vibration by 90%.

FYI, a kort nozzle was invented in 1931 by Luigi Stipa but refined by Ludwig Kort. Basically a foil surrounding the propeller, the kort nozzle improves efficiency, stability and protects the screws. I always wondered why submarines had their props in some sort of "cage." Now I know.

The American Queen Steamboat Company cancelled all sailings at least until the first of the year. The four ships that ply the great rivers of America had been tied up due to the corona virus but the ownership (Hornblower) decided to halt until travel is more profitable.

Competitor Victoria Cruise Lines, which also does river cruises as well as coastal and Great Lakes voyages, will commence operations in the spring of 2021. They have partnered with AQSC and California Polytechnical State University (Cal Poly) to provide internships for the Cal Poly students who will live aboard for four to six months gaining experience in a variety of occupations.

The NTSB's investigation into the collision between *Century Queen* and *Kaytlin Marie* continues. The two vessels smacked as the former was heading upstream and the latter was running south. The *Century Queen* had \$384,000 worth of damage while the *Kaytlin Marie* sustained over \$1 million in damage and 9,000 gallons of fuel entered the river.

The intriguing element of the incident was that the two not only were in sight of each other on a clear day, they were in communications with each other on a recorded VHF radio. During a somewhat confusing conversation the two skippers seemed to be saying one thing while actually doing another. Evidently, the Rules of the Road were not applied and each pilot was simply assuming what the other was actually going to do. OK.

A 2018 duck boat incident on Table Rock near Branson, Missouri, that claimed the lives of 17 tourists, including nine of one family, was tossed out of the federal court. The tragic accident happened when hellacious winds of over 70mph capsized the boat trapping many under the awning overhead. The Western District Federal Court ruled that Table Rock failed to meet the Federal definition of navigable waters; therefore, the Federal government had no jurisdiction in the case against the captain, who could still face state charges.

A plethora of suits remain from the victims and the state of Missouri. Many blame the company for not alerting the captain of impending foul weather, others feel the captain should have recognized the severity of the storm and immediately sought shelter and others blame the whole concept because the World War II Duck Boat has a low freeboard that can become awash easily and the canvas overhead tends to trap people should the boat sink. The accident has virtually halted all Duck Boat businesses in the US.

Environment

The *Storm Lake Times*, a biweekly small town paper, was the second smallest newspa-

per to win the coveted Pulitzer Prize when it boldly took on the county Board of Supervisors that was using private corporate money to fund defenses against lawsuit for intentional water pollution of the appropriately named Storm Lake.

Polk County, home of Des Moines, was frustrated by the increasing costs of purifying potable water because of increasing farm pollutants from fungicide, pesticide, fertilizer and other chemical run offs. Polk County saw Storm Lake's Buena Vista (pronounced Buna, Vista, not BWAYna Vista) as the culprit and promptly sued. The Buena Vista Supervisors turned to an unusual source for the money to defend themselves, "Dark Money."

Polk County attempted to find out from where hundreds of thousands of dollars suddenly appeared but were shut out by the courts. Polk County claimed that it was illegal for unknown individuals or companies to fund legal operations for public tax supported enterprises. In steps the *Storm Lake Times*, whose sleuthing discovered that Monsanto, 3M, Dow Chemical and the Farm Bureau funneled money into the defense coffers rather illegally. Worse, the cover organization through which this money was laundered by headed by the Governor for Life, Terry Branstad's, long time Chief of Staff Doug Gross.

Ultimately the courts decided that Polk County could not sue Buena Vista County. Storm Lake, once deep and clear, is now very shallow, smelly and murky.

Sidebar: The smallest paper to win the Pulitzer award was the *Point Reyes Light* (California) owned and operated by David Mitchell who was my journalism professor at Upper Iowa University. You have to wonder where the hell was the *San Francisco Chronicle*, *Des Moines Register*, *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, etc. when these major stories arose. Money talks.

Other Sea News

Inertia is a wonderful concept to consider, especially when no one is thinking about it. A dredger near the Kota Laksamana landfill evidently lacked someone at the wheel who comprehended the issue of science and the dredger was way too late to avoid smacking into a tanker moored alongside a supply ship. It took several hours to separate the two and the tanker had to be towed for repairs. It would seem that the dredger operator thought he could stop his boat on a dime.

Tankers face other dangers on the waters. One such entity suffered severe damage when it hit a mine off the coast of Yemen. It may be hard to believe that Yemen, the beautiful and pleasant resort country noted for sand, inter-cine wars and sun would be a dangerous place, however, the government of the day hates the Southern Transition Council and likes to use mine warfare as a means of communication their frustrations. For the uninformed, the STC is a separatist group supported by the United Arab Emirates who wish to eliminate the Yemeni government backed by Saudi Arabia. The exact origin of the conflict has been lost to history but probably had something to do with the number of camels in a dowry or something like that. Certainly, it goes back to 1839 when the British Empire tried to own all of the Middle East.

And piracy continues unabated in Asia and near India. 2020 has seen a rise in piracy that usually includes armed robbery (71 of 75 incidents) but kidnapping is a close sec-

ond. One recent case involved the capture of five fishermen from Japan. A body was later found near the area but information leads security companies to believe the other four remain captive.

Grey Fleet

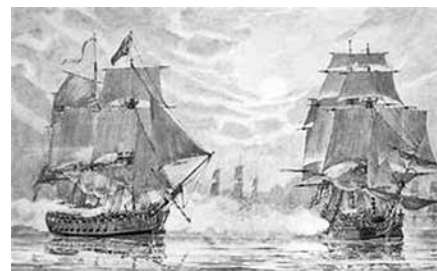
The crew of the *USS Theodore Roosevelt* voiced deep seated concerns about Big Navy and its concern for the crew and their families. Twenty-five percent of the carrier's men and women contracted corona virus, forcing the ship to enter isolation in Guam. Captain Brett Crozier was fired from his command when he openly requested assistance as the ship initially was seized by the disease, an event that severely upset the crew.

Now the ship again is experiencing frustration because it has been redeployed in the middle of what had been expected to be a 34-month refitting. Psychologists and counselors have been working with the crew and their families with the sudden orders for sea duty. The Navy refused comment.

Military Times reported that China protested US Navy incursions into their waters off the Paracel Islands that the Chinese claim are under their control. They also claim waters in whole or in part by Taiwan, the Philippines, Brunei, Malaysia and Vietnam. "Beijing demanded the US end such actions, calling them "blatant navigation hegemony and military provocation" that "seriously violated China's sovereignty and security interests and gravely jeopardized peace and stability in the South China Sea."

The Navy announced that it would be building a new \$450 million Museum of the Navy. Actually, the Navy has a museum at the Washington Navy Yard in Washington, DC, and while it has been many years since I was there, it is pretty small and pretty dull. For example, I spent years trying to track down Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher's Medal of Honor only to ultimately find it sitting in a small display with no particular markings or note. I have yet to find his uniform or ribbons but I have only been searching since 1984.

We need such a museum that can showcase everything from John Paul Jones "stuff" to modern naval technologies. A site has not been selected but Washington or Annapolis seem like appropriate places. I am sure that Virginia and Boston have their baited hooks ready for casting.





What About Roger Allen? Addendum to the BMC Long Shed Article

By Greg Grundtisch

I forgot Roger Allen (and some others) in my previous article in the December issue about the Packet Boat and Long Shed building and the Buffalo Maritime Center's role in it. Sorry, Roger! I had stated some things that were inaccurate or missing due to my ignorance of the facts and failure to get them directly from the source. That would be Roger and others.

With that said, I want to provide some factual clarity in regard to Mr Roger Allen, the former director of the BMC and currently Master Boat Builder extraordinaire. I want to state what his vital role was, and is, in regard to the Packet Boat *Seneca Chief* and Long Shed building projects, among others. His work developing the project was nothing short of miraculous, especially when you know of the city of Buffalo's political history of plans or ideas never coming to fruition. I still do not have all the minor details but this is an overview of the details and steps Roger took and his accomplishments for the aforementioned BMC projects.

When it came to deciding about the long talked about Packet Boat project it was Roger who pushed the idea forward into a real doable plan. Roger somehow got Mr Dave Rogers, an extraordinarily generous private businessman, to donate \$350,000 to build the boat and get the project to move forward. Roger also wrote grants to get additional funding from the Buffalo Canal Corp and New York State, among others, for the remaining money needed for building the Long Shed and necessary equipment for the project.

Roger also played a major role in the design of the Long Shed and to organize the actual building of the boat itself. In addition, he somehow convinced the city of Buffalo (a seemingly impossible task) to use this historic site the shed is now on and that it would

be a worthwhile project that would be a benefit for the city and community. In doing all this, Roger generously postponed his long desired retirement to help get this all accomplished.

That's not all! Roger kept the Center afloat years ago at a time when it was just about to come to an end. He also has taught many students from area schools and others about boat building, reading and understanding building plans and offsets, half model making, sailing, boat repair and many other things related to boat building, repairs, restoration and the like. Along with all that he is a genuine, nice, personable guy who is always cheerful and willing to show or teach how to do something, fix something or understand something boat related. He has organized various boating events and attended other events to promote and advance the mission of the BMC.

He also did the related behind the scenes planning, drawing and building of the Durham Boat for the City of Lockport. To say we are lucky to have such a multi talented man doing all of this for all of us is a huge understatement. I, and so many others, have learned much from Roger, generously sharing his knowledge, skill and experience. We are all



thankful for what he has done for the many BMC volunteers and members, students, the city of Buffalo and the Center itself. On behalf of myself and many, many others, thank you, Roger, we do appreciate you.

An Addition to the Addendum.

When I mentioned to Roger that I was writing this addendum he wanted me to make certain to acknowledge that there were "others who had a role in this and it is a team, group and crew effort." I learned that Roger was also writing an article for the TSCA *Ash Breeze* about the *Seneca Chief* Packet Boat. He sent me a copy of what he was writing. He stated that I could "plagiarize it and blatantly steal anything I want from it." So herewith I bring you my condensed version of what is to come in the next *Ash Breeze*:

Once upon a time in a place called "Nickel City" there were two college professors who founded what has now become the Buffalo Maritime Center. It began in the Technical Arts Program of Buffalo State College, in the mid '80s. Their names are John Montague and Richard Butz. If their names sound familiar it is likely from the two books they co authored, *The Six Hour Canoe* and *The Weekend Skiff*.

Richard and John thought to raise a ton of money to build a Packet Boat in an Albany shipyard but not much came of it after several years of effort. Then Roger Allen came up with a suggestion to raise a lot less money and build the boat in Buffalo with the BMC's crew of volunteers. The Packet Boat was proposed to the City of Lockport for the Erie Canal Bicentennial Celebration (2025) and the city's ongoing restoration of the "Flight of Five" historic locks.

That city had no funding available for a Packet Boat to be built so Roger and company offered a different boat design at a fraction of the packet boat cost and proposed a Durham Boat. It is basically a flat bottom doublender that is designed for shallow water (original Clinton's Ditch, 4' deep) to carry bulk cargo, made of very rough, heavy construction. It is essentially a pointy ended covered barge. The boat design was approved. Check the BMC website for information and photos.



Roger decided that a community build was the way to go with the construction and word went out for volunteers. With Chris Andrie, an historian and lead carpenter for the build, there were over 40 people wanting to go to work on what became known as the *Erie Traveler*. The *Erie Traveler* Durham Boat was completed slightly longer, under budget and ahead of schedule.

That successful project was being described by John Montague to some attendees at a cocktail party and got the attention of Mr Mark Somers, a *Buffalo News* reporter. He later wrote several newspaper articles about it and how Buffalo should build its own Canal Boat, and do it at the mouth (terminus) of the Erie Canal in downtown Buffalo's waterfront.

Next, Mr Dave Rogers, a local businessman, happened to read some of the articles and contacted Brian Trzeciak, the BMC's director. He wanted to talk about funding. Brian invited him to the Center and he was given a tour of the facilities and current projects. At the conclusion of the tour Mr Rogers asked Roger if it was \$350,000 needed to build the boat as the newspaper stated. Mr Dave Rogers told Roger that he would donate the money for building it and he also thought it should be built at Canal-side at the Terminus.

That was the start of *Buffalo News* editorial articles about the building of the Packet Boat and the location where it should be built. That location is at the historic Erie Canal Terminus (aka Canalside) and the new building is now referred to as the Long Shed. Roger, Brian and John had also written grants to fund the Long Shed and the necessary equipment to complete the *Seneca Chief* Packet Boat by 2025. After the boat is completed the building is to be used for other things not yet determined. I think it would be a good location for a satellite Maritime Center.

Roger, Brian and John have been working tirelessly on this and Roger postponed his retirement to help make it happen. Dr John Montague is retired from Buffalo State College and is President Emeritus of the BMC. He is still working at the Center regularly. Mr Brian Trzeciak has become the personable and highly skilled and talented director of the BMC. Roger Allen, the former director, now has the title of Master Boat Builder. Roger is assisted by Greg Dudley and Chris Andrie, two highly skilled boat builders of enviable talent. Richard Butz is also retired from Buf-

falo State College and moved to Vermont. He volunteers at the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum and helped set up their new foundry.

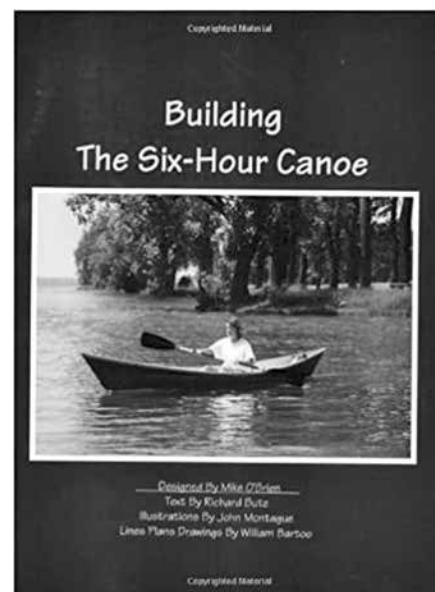
Lastly, I want to make note that there are many volunteers and members who have gone unnamed in this story. They, too, have very generously offered their time, talent, skills and hard work to the Center and I, and many others, are very fortunate to be around so much knowledge and experience. It is the Maritime Center's good fortune to have them as well. They do much of the boat building, restoration work and instruction and also do other things that go unnoticed (maintenance, repairs, remodeling, etc) much needed to keep the operation running smoothly. I thank them, too, and would count them all as very good shipmates, every one of them. I have learned a lot working with them and hope that continues on. That is, if you can teach an old dog new tricks. No easy task getting through my thick melon.

There will be much more information from Roger in the TSCA's next *Ash Breeze*. Thank you Roger for letting me steal some of your material for this. If anyone is in the area and would like to work on this project (starts in January depending on covid) contact Brian at the BMC. Or, go to the website at buffalomaritimecenter.org. There is information for this as well as photos of current and past projects, the Durham Boat project, boats completed, programs the Center provides for students and many other ongoing boat building and restoration projects that you can see or volunteer for. No experience needed. Or just stop by and have a look. Or better yet, become a member of the Buffalo Maritime Center, or the Traditional Small Craft Association or both!

Building the Six Hour Canoe

By Richard Butz, John Montague,
William Bartoo

A guide to building an inexpensive canoe containing scale plans, specifications, tool list, step by step instructions and instructions for paddling the canoe. The building operations are clearly illustrated with photos and sketches. The canoe, 15'3" long, 31 1/2" wide, is constructed from a single 4'x16' (or two 4'x8') sheet(s) of marine plywood and a few pieces of dimensional lumber with epoxy glued seams. It is watertight the moment it hits the water.



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Launching day (May 26, 1944) brought a bit of trouble for the new dragger. The angle of the slope of the launching ways was incorrect and the vessel stood up straight and then fell over to starboard as it reached the end of the ways. Luckily most of the hull was already afloat and the only casualty was a damaged plank on the starboard side which was repaired on the railways in Gloucester.



With the dragger afloat we can see the launching ways clearly, the notched timbers of the ground ways are at center with the elevated bilge ways at right. The shallow angle of the bilge ways relative to the slope of the land combined with the burdensome shape of the dragger's hull is what caused this launching mishap.



The Essex built tugboat *Mariner* traveled over from Gloucester to tow the new dragger back to Gloucester for fitting out. A rare color photo shows off the handsome green, gray, gold and white of *Joseph & Lucia* and the saturated red of the tug's superstructure.



With the sound of breaking glass and a spray of foam *Joseph & Lucia* is on its way!

Frame Up

Essex Shipbuilding Images from the Past

By Christopher Stepler
Operations Administrator
Essex Historical Society and Shipbuilding
Museum (978) 768-t7541

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Shipbuilding in World War II

The Dragger *Joseph & Lucia*

Shipbuilding in Essex during World War II was no easy task, the number of knowledgeable old timers and skilled shipwrights was dwindling and most of the young men who would have taken their place in the yards had enlisted in the war effort. While materials for fishing vessel construction were fairly high priority on the list of rationed products, the wood the yards needed was scarce, with the exception of oak framing stock. The best oak planking stock available was scarcely over 20' long and western fir had to be substituted for the traditional longleaf yellow pine ceiling planking.

Despite these difficulties, the Essex yards still produced good vessels for the Gloucester fleet, including the 83' dragger *Joseph & Lucia* built for Guiseppe Brancalone at the Lyman James yard on the causeway. The keel was laid in the fall of 1943 but after that construction did not go smoothly. According to Dana Story, in his book *The Shipbuilders of Essex*, things went so awry that James had to bring in Ray Mulcahy as foreman to "straighten things out and finish the job."



A Visit to the Archives... Floats and Pilings

Back in June I shared a photo of Conomo Point with a large float and skiffs in the foreground and a view over to Cross Island beyond. At the time the float construction caught my eye, it's simply a deck constructed on top of several large, debarked logs fixed together. It's an excellent solution and provides a stable and steady platform that can take the abuse of grounding out at low tide. It's an interesting note but not worth sharing on its own, or so I thought!



It was only after stumbling across these photos of a newly completed, similar float that I reconsidered. The note on the back of one reads, "Making float for Conomo Pt, July 1949" and the other identifies the two sitting and standing on it as Henry Lane and Dick Story. Without a date on the photo taken at Conomo we can't confirm if it is the same float, but the design and construction is undoubtedly the same.



While we are talking about docks and floats, I thought I'd share these two photos of new pilings being driven for the dock in front of the Story Shipyard in April of 1965. The catamaran barge hired for the job has markings for the Rocky Neck Yacht & Vessel Corp and Hall Bros, Gloucester, and with such a heavy piling hanging over them, the crew is well engaged in their work. Behind the barge in the first photo we catch a glimpse of machinery working on the recently filled marsh island in the center of the basin.





Delaware River Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association – November 2020



Building My Last Shop

By Michael Bill

As a lifelong woodworker I've always had a shop or had access to a shop. In college my alma mater had a student workshop (at the time, wood/metal/jewelry) that for a \$25 annual fee I had full access to. I built many bookcases, stereo speakers and other projects over those four years. I returned to my hometown and rented a one bedroom apartment where I built a grandmother kit clock and a butcher block dining room table before we newlyweds moved in. My Black & Decker Workmate became my balcony workbench and all sorts of sawdust rained down on the apartment below. Any advanced work was accomplished in my father-in-law's gunsmith shop.

Fast forward seven years, we moved into our first home (we were general contractors for its build) and it was purpose built to change the two car garage into a one car garage and a shop. Six years later we moved to North Carolina and my shop there was a separate 8'x24' room at the back of the two car garage. Five years later we moved to New Jersey and my shop moved with me, including about 2,000bf of oak and hickory that I harvested and moved with the rest of the house.

Twenty-five years in New Jersey saw many projects come out of the two car garage shop, including a restored Ford 9N tractor and a restored 1940 Buick, not to mention *Caleb*, my Rangeley Lake guideboat. More tools accumulated, more wood accumulated and projects got smaller as the shop contents reached critical mass.

Five years ago, with retirement a distant but persistent vision, I started planning for my retirement shop. Given my inclination to take on projects that I had never accomplished before, the shop needed to have space and resources. After three years of looking (and saving) I purchased 1,200sf of commercial space in a "business condo" facility near our home in Port Charlotte, Florida. Our neighbors are auto repair shops, electricians, landscape contractors, pool service companies, a pool hall and a dog trainer.

No shop is ever big enough but there were surely budgetary limits. So planning for the space needed to have:

Storage for wood (lots of wood), efficient work spaces for several people, sufficient utilities, to include A/C, electrical and centralized dust collection, lots of light. Fig 1 shows the layout of the space that I arrived at and how I intended to meet my key planning objectives.



Used industrial racks were sourced and, in some cases, customized to provide ready wood storage and also provide two outfeed worktables, one for the table saw and one for the planer.

Set up certain “process zones” so that wood lathes had a zone, sawing (table saw, band saw) had a zone and metal work (drill press, metal lathe) had a zone.

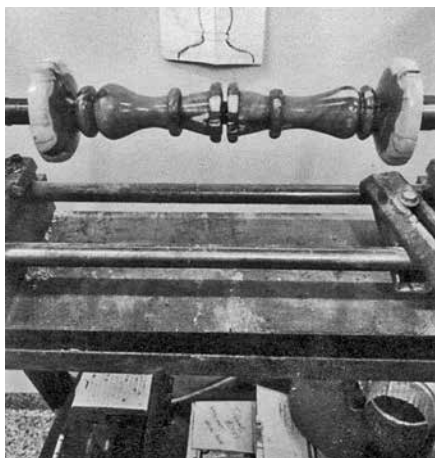
The entire space was painted, then fitted with electrical distribution, HVAC and finally dust collection with distribution to each zone.

Open space to build the proverbial Marsh Cat.

LED lighting, both in tube fixtures and high wattage warehouse appliances, to ensure plenty of lighting.

Buildout of the space commenced with painting in October 2018, followed by epoxy flooring and electrical service. Then came the racks and HVAC. At this point I was loading PODs in New Jersey with wood and tools. Wood came from everywhere (my unfinished basement, a 10'x30' storage unit and even some new wood purchased and directly loaded for the trip). It took three 16' PODs to get the majority moved with the workbench and loaded with the household furniture for the fourth and last POD in May. The last months of our move were horrific, my wife and I moved ourselves out and in (to both house and shop) all during the pandemic.

The buildout was not without controversy as being in a commercial space and in a condominium, several building permits, with attendant inspections, were necessary. The hardest was the HVAC as they linked its approval to review of the dust collection system. Net result was the best HVAC in the whole complex with outside makeup air, hurricane rated mounting brackets, etc. The dust collection was a major install with nominally 14 dedicated drops including sanding stations. It does work amazingly well, however, and was worth the prolonged install.



My first project was a pair of cedar candlesticks for our daughter Emily's new home in Raleigh, North Carolina. I'm working some cabinets for our lanai bar at home and have other projects coming in from all sources. The full intent is to create a “maker space” where local retirees, craft clubs and organizations like the Boy Scouts can come, learn and work in the space. We've had a lot

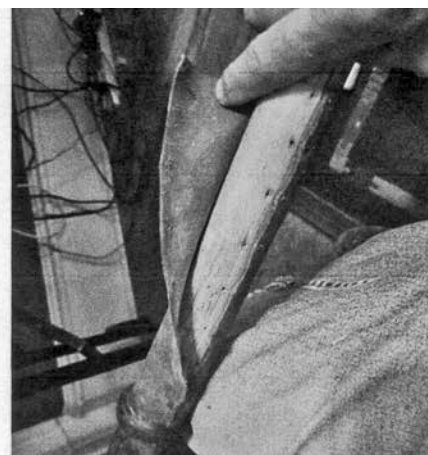
of interest in this but tiptoeing through Covid will likely take some time. I'm in no hurry as I still have that Marsh Cat to build!

I have attached some pictures which get progressively more “cluttered” as the buildout progressed. For those participating in the Everglades Challenge, I could surely serve as a repair/mod station. And for anyone visiting the area, surely come down and hang out in the shop!

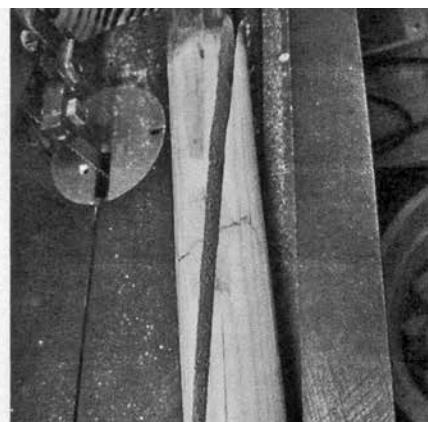
Oar Repair

By Bruce Robbins

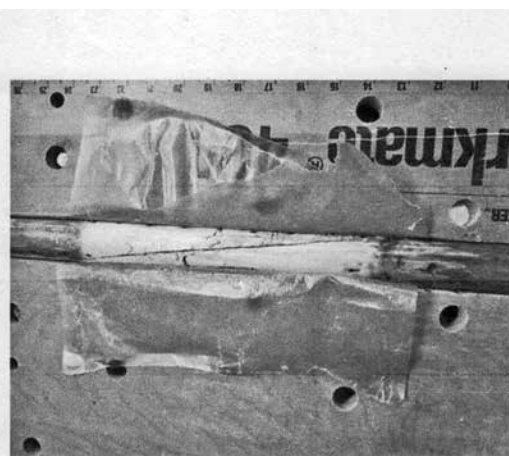
After I cracked an oar under the leather I decided to repair it. It's a spruce 7' oar from Shaw & Tenney I purchased about 40 some years ago.



First I removed the leather, spread open the cracks as far as I could, stuffed them with thickened epoxy and then clamped the oar straight. When that cured, I marked out a diagonal and cut the oar in half with the bandsaw, oriented 90° to the crack.



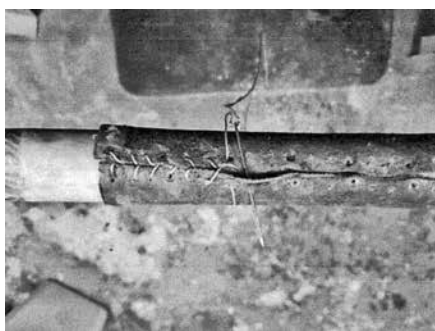
Next I glued the newly cut oar back together, again with thickened epoxy.



After sanding that down I applied penetrating epoxy all around and wrapped a single layer of 8oz polyester fabric around it, saturating it with the penetrating epoxy.



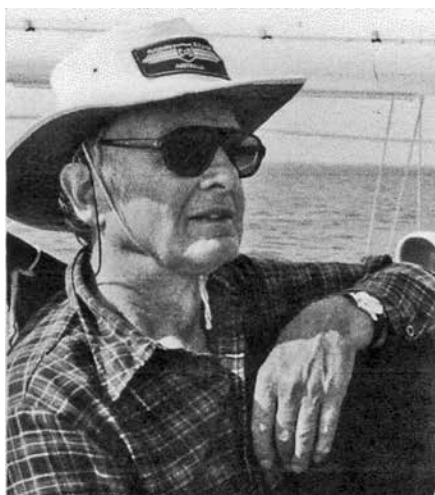
When that was dry I applied a final thick coat of epoxy over everything, wrapping it in waxed paper and ace wrap. Then, using contact cement, I sewed the original leather back on. C'est fini!



Marvin Creamer

A Mariner Who Sailed
Like the Ancients Dies at 104

By Margalit Fox



No GPS for him, not even a sextant, the sun and the stars did nicely. He was the first recorded person to sail round the world without navigational instruments. Had Marvin Creamer not been a geographer, he very likely would not have lived to be 104. Professor Creamer, who died at that age, taught geography for many years at Glassboro State College, now Rowan University, in Glassboro, New Jersey.

His expertise helped him become a history making mariner, the first recorded person to sail round the world without navigational instruments. His 30,000-mile odyssey, in a 36' cutter with a small crew, made headlines worldwide on its completion in 1984. "I was considered to be crazy or stupid or just out of it," Professor Creamer said in a 2015 interview with Rowan University. "When I took off there were two

people who believed I would come back." One was his wife Blanche. The other, despite the welter of naysayers, was Professor Creamer himself.

It is daunting enough to circumnavigate the earth with the aid of modern global positioning technology, much less with medieval and renaissance tools like a mariner's compass and sextant. But Professor Creamer, in the grip of an obsession that had held him for years, shunned even those newfangled contrivances, as well as a radio, a clock and a wristwatch.

He chose instead to rely on his deep knowledge of the planet and its vagaries and be guided by nothing more than wind, waves, the sun by day and the moon and stars by night. Under cloud massed skies he could divine his location from the color and temperature of the water, the presence of particular birds and insects and even, on one occasion, the song of a squeaky hatch.

Skills like these, he long maintained, had let the master mariners of antiquity answer the seafarer's ever present life or death question, where am I? And in so doing sail safely round the world.



Professor Creamer and his crew aboard the *Globe Star* set sail from Cape May, New Jersey, in late 1982. The entire journey took 513 days. "From everything I've read the ancients didn't feel uncomfortable out there," Professor Creamer told *The New York Times* in 1978. "They didn't have navigational tools, but they didn't seem afraid to go to sea. I felt they might have known what they were doing, that they might have made predictable landfalls and having once hit a coast could have returned there."

The same skills, he had believed since his youth, would let him do likewise. "I had taken oceanography and every geography course in the book," he said in a 2013 interview with Rowan. "I said to myself, 'I think I'm the one to do this.'" Nevertheless, when 66-year-old Professor Creamer set sail from Cape May, New Jersey, in his cutter, the *Globe Star*, in late 1982, he was widely considered unhinged. No mariner in recorded

history had traversed the globe without at least a compass, used by sailors since the 12th century if not before, or a sextant, introduced in the 18th.

His 513-day journey would entail nearly a year on the sea plus time in ports for repairs and provisioning. It would take the *Globe Star* to Cape Town, South Africa, Hobart and Sydney, Australia, Whangara, New Zealand and the Falkland Islands off Argentina before its triumphant return to Cape May on May 17, 1984, an event that Professor Creamer gleefully described as "one small step back for mankind."

Along the way he and his crew braved lashing storms and long, directionless days with no wind, found themselves trapped in shipping lanes amid thick fog and the terrifying horns of oncoming tankers, had whales bear down on them like freight trains, rounded the treacherous waters of Cape Horn entirely blind, were at one point pitched nearly upside down and at another arrested.

"A jolly romp," Professor Creamer called the whole thing. He knew he might meet his death on the trip but he was far more confident, he said, of his safe return. After all, he had been preparing for the voyage for years, making many Atlantic crossings, several without instruments, in the decades before. He had been dreaming of the journey for far longer than that.

He was a stargazer from the start. The third of four children of Sereno Todd Creamer and Grace (Parvin) Creamer, Marvin Charles Creamer was born on January 24, 1916, on a farm near Vineland, New Jersey, about 50 miles south of Philadelphia. His father grew potatoes and peppers but had by, the mid 1920s with a downturn in the produce market, become a carpenter and machinist.

From his earliest boyhood Marvin was transfixed by the stars and grew fascinated with the idea that once, long ago, mariners had steered by them. By the time he was a teenager, fishing in small outboards on the Atlantic, he knew he would one day cross an ocean under sail. "Once I got out there, I started wondering how the ancients did it," Professor Creamer told *The Times* in 1980.

After graduating from Vineland High School at 16, he spent years doing what odd jobs he could including selling life insurance, making concrete vaults for cemeteries and repairing car engines. The last of these, at least, would stand him in good stead as a mariner.

"It was interesting how many of the things I did to keep alive in the Depression kept me afloat when I was at sea," Professor Creamer, then 101, said in an interview for this obituary in 2017. In 1943 he earned a bachelor's degree in elementary education from the New Jersey State Teachers College at Glassboro, as Glassboro State was then known. After working as a schoolteacher and principal in Alloway Township, New Jersey, he earned a master's in educational administration from the University of Pennsylvania.

But his first love had always been geography. "It is almost an obligation to know the planet one lives on," Professor Creamer told *The Daily Journal* of Vineland in 2013. "How awful to die and never know what's over the hill." He earned a master's in geography from the University of Wisconsin, followed by doctoral level coursework in the field there. A member of the Glassboro faculty since 1948, he helped found its geography department.

Professor Creamer had been an avid sailor since 1930s. But it was not until the 1970s that he determined that sailing round the world without instruments would be possible. "In 1974 I was on my way back from the Azores, headed for Cape May," he recalled in 2017. "There were two things that happened. One is that the compass light, out in the saltwater spray, began to fail every single night. Now, when you're sailing without a compass light at night, you're sailing without a compass. The other thing was, we brushed through the side of a hurricane and the heavy seas wrecked our self steering gear." He completed that voyage anyway, steering by the stars. And if it was possible to navigate without instruments by night, he reasoned, perhaps it was possible to do so by day.

"By the time I got back to shore two and a half weeks later, I had figured out that daytime steering was no problem at all," he said. "We would use the wind as a reference, we would use the waves as a reference." The prospect of doing so on a round the world journey would consume him for the next decade, despite a flood tide of naysayers.

"I talked to the Rotary Club in Woodbury, New Jersey, before I left, one of those luncheon things," Professor Creamer said. "And one of the members said, 'Professor (it's always 'Professor' when they're poking you in the chest with their finger), what do you think your chances are?' And I said, 'About 95%,' and the whole room burst into laughter."

He began training for the voyage in earnest after retiring from academia in 1977. The next year he sailed his 30' ketch *Scotia* from Ireland to Cape May without instruments. Two years later, aboard the 39' cutter *Navstar*, he sailed from Dakar, Senegal, to New Jersey via the Cape Verde Islands and Bermuda, again with no instruments.

On December 21, 1982, he sailed the *Globe Star* down the Delaware River toward Cape May and the first leg of his round the world voyage. "When I had finally figured out that I could do it, it was far easier to go than to stay home and not try it," Professor

Creamer said. "People talk to me about courage. I don't know anything about courage. All I knew was I just had to go out there and try it."

He carried ample provisions, including tinned meat and eggs coated in Vaseline to keep them fresh. As a condition laid down by Mrs Creamer, he also carried a sextant, clock, compass and radio. Those instruments, however, were kept in a sealed locker below deck, to be opened only in an emergency. It never was. It must be reported that Professor Creamer did have an hourglass on deck. Its only function was to tell crew members keeping watch when to change shifts.

On March 30, 1983, the *Globe Star* arrived in Cape Town where Professor Creamer found 22 letters from his wife waiting. On August 12, they arrived in Hobart, in Tasmania. There, local fishermen were so awed by the crew's achievements that they held six parties for them inside of a week, every week. Professor Creamer and his mates stayed for six weeks and 36 parties.

On December 13, a day of no visibility, the crew rounded Cape Horn without being sure that they had done so. The next day's entry in the ship's log offers a masterly demonstration of how they worked out the fact, "It is believed that we rounded the Horn at noon yesterday and have amended our longitude accordingly. We were not able to sight any landmarks so have based our conclusion on (1) the presence of an extremely cold north wind of relatively short duration and (2) the change of water color from blue to a fairly dark, transparent green to a lighter, less transparent green and back to a quite dark transparent green as we proceeded from west to east at an estimated latitude of 56°55'."

On December 22, working their way up the eastern edge of South America, the crew made port in the Falklands and were promptly arrested. The islands were still on alert from the war there between Britain and Argentina the year before and, without realizing it, Professor Creamer had made landfall in a clandestine British military base. He soon got things sorted and was sent on his

way with food, supplies and astonished good wishes from the Royal Air Force.

In some ways the most challenging times of all, Professor Creamer said, were the long, irritating stretches of calm with neither wind nor waves to impart direction. On one occasion they sat, becalmed, bothered and bewildered until his geographer's ears came to their aid. As the wind started up again a crewmember happened to open a hatch. It emitted a loud squeak. That sound told Professor Creamer unequivocally in which direction the boat was facing. Only dry air from the Antarctic, he knew, would have caused it. Moist air from the opposite direction would have lubricated the hatch, yielding a more congenial noise.

Professor Creamer taught geography for many years at Glassboro State College, now Rowan University, in New Jersey, where a public art monument commemorates his historic voyage. Through it all, he said in 2017, there was never a time when he thought they were done for. "I had a cousin who married an undertaker whose name was Frank," he said. "And I used to say, when things got rough in the middle of the Indian Ocean, 'Not yet, Frank! You're not going to get me yet!'"

On May 13, 1984, as the *Globe Star* negotiated the Atlantic, the crew received a visit from a housefly. They recognized it at once as a humble emissary from land. Sure enough, they arrived back at Cape May four days later.

A longtime resident of Glassboro, Professor Creamer lived most recently in Raleigh, North Carolina. His death, at a hospital there, was confirmed by his son, Kurt. No cause was given but the family said the death was not related to Covid-19.

His many maritime awards include the Blue Water Medal, considered sailing's highest honor, from the Cruising Club of America. Professor Creamer continued sailing well into his 90s. In later years, he owned a boat that came equipped with global positioning technology. He did not know how to use the technology, he said, and had no intention of learning.





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A Marvelous Mystery In Pursuit of a Catboat Legend

By John Conway

Part 6: Of Buried Treasure, Guzzlers, Folding Boards and Hibernation

BYS #1: “Son... You’d better get her covered soon. Snow’s gonna fly.”

BYS #2: “Obviously you are going to store her inside for the winter, right?”

BYS #3: “Have you ever thought of putting her in the water for the winter? They have bubblers here.”

BYS #4: I assume that you are having a proper canvas cover made for her. There’s no other way.”

And, of course, the one shot of advice I wish we could accommodate...

“Too bad she’s not in the water. You could have taken her south until spring.”

As reported in Part Three of this epic, one of the, er, “advantages” of restoring an old boat in an historic boatyard is the never-ending streams of advice from the Boat Yard Sages (BYS). That said, overall, the sages were correct in their concern that with winter fast approaching it was time to consider how best to tuck *Marvel/Sunnyside/Susan* away for the season.

After some consideration, and to keep costs under control, we decided to store the Olde Girl outside covered with several heavy duty polyester tarps. Wooden boats love to be kept in environments that prevent drying out. During the hot weather we continuously sprayed the boat’s hull and/or filled her bilge with water to “keep her tight.” The damp, cold New England winter would, we reasoned, naturally accomplish the same. I had found this to be true in the over two decades I owned the 1908 Charles Crosby catboat *Buckrammer*.

Note: Some pundits claim that harsh, late winter winds tend to dry out wooden boats stored this way but I have not experienced this. Fresh water pooling in a wooden boat’s nooks and crannies is the enemy as it tends to induce dry rot. This is not a problem in the warm weather as the water evaporates quickly. For winter storage outside the trick is to cover the boat enough to prevent rain or snow from accumulating inside the craft while leaving her exterior planking exposed to the weather.

Normally we would erect fore and aft posts to hold the boat’s mast horizontally from stem to stern and use it to support the tarps. However, *Marvel*’s mast and spars were scheduled for continued maintenance over the winter and early spring months and were not available. So, to support the cover, we elected to erect a sort of tent pole like scaffold as shown in Figure 1. Little did we realize that this would lead to an amazing discovery that has once more enhanced the provenance of this historic little racer.

Figure 1: Setting up the winter cover would lead to an historic discovery.



Buried Treasure

Three vertical posts form the major supports for the cover. One slid into the fixture that normally supports the boom crutch at the boat’s rear. The second mounted amidships supported by the trailing edge of the centerboard trunk. The third slotted into the mast step near the bow. Supports # 1 and #2 went into place without incident. Placement of post #3 required us to clean out a decade’s worth of gunk that had accumulated in the boat’s mast step. We had intended to do this all summer, but the task kept moving to a back burner.

Armed with flashlight, scrapers, putty knives and a strong vacuum cleaner, I stepped up to the task. About an inch down into the goo my tools hit something metallic where there should have only been wood. I aimed the flashlight at the spot and nearly dropped it when the light revealed an ancient silver dollar. I carefully popped it out of the muck with a hastily grabbed screwdriver and gently wiped it off with a rag. The cleaning revealed the coin as a 1921 Morgan Silver dollar. Buried treasure! (Figure 2)



Figure 2: A 1921 Morgan silver dollar added yet another chapter to the marvelous mystery.

According to Wikipedia, “The ceremonial practice (of placing a coin under a ship’s mast) is believed to originate from ancient Rome. One theory is that, due to the dangers of early sea travel, the coins were placed so the crew would be able to cross to the afterlife with a bit of money if the ship sank. The Romans believed it was necessary for a person to take coins with them to pay Charon to cross the River Styx into the afterlife. Another theory is that the insertion of coins may have functioned as a form of sacrifice to the Gods, a gesture that would guarantee divine protection in the future.”

We had discovered a 1908 silver dollar in *Buckrammer*’s mast step during her restoration. Thus, it only seemed natural to find a coin in *Marvel*’s. Nevertheless, it was still a great surprise. But why 1921 (as opposed to 1904, the year of her launch)? Yet another marvelous mystery that our continuing research may uncover. In the meantime, we plan to clean the artifact and will replace it where found. No sense in tempting the Gods who have seemingly protected this old boat over her 117 unscathed years afloat. For added security I think we may place a 1904 silver coin there as well.

Inaccessible Guzzler

Over the course of this year’s restoration efforts we could not help noticing the placement of a massive, manual bilge pump mounted in a totally inaccessible area below the cockpit deck. (Figure 3)

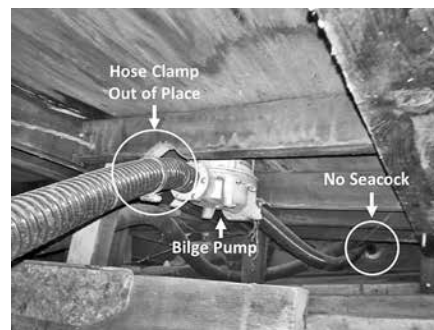


Figure 3: A large, manual bilge pump will present a challenge to service and repair.

The pump handle end of the thing was protected by a cover that mounted flush with the cockpit deck. Opening the cover revealed a stud that, once connected to a pump handle (missing from *Marvel*’s inventory) activated with a bit of elbow grease, could, in theory, remove copious amounts of bilge water in an emergency. As shown, the lack of access presented two problems. A hose clamp had slipped down from the intake hose. Murphy’s Law dictated that without the clamp the hose would undoubtedly come loose in an emergency, making the whole contraption useless. Worse, as shown, outlet hose exited through a below the waterline, non seacock, through hull fitting. A failure of that hose would uncork a 1” diameter, seawater gushing hole in *Marvel*’s hull with no easy means of shutting it off. A catastrophe just waiting to happen. What to do?

Perhaps, we reasoned, the pump’s manufacturer could suggest a solution. To determine this, we attached a smartphone to a selfie stick, set it into timed photo mode and quickly extended the gadget under the deck into the vicinity of the pump. After a few attempts we captured an image of the unit’s “boiler plate” (Figure 4). The pump was a Guzzler.

Figure 4: Aided by a smartphone on a selfie stick the pump’s manufacturer was revealed.



A quick spin on GOOGLE revealed the Guzzler's maker as The Bosworth Company, a family owned and operated company located in East Providence, Rhode Island, a mere stone's throw from *Marvel*'s Westport, Massachusetts, home. A call to their friendly customer service department resulted in an invitation to pay them a visit. The service agents suggested that the pump must have been installed from the bottom up during one of the boat's restorations while some of her planks were removed and being replaced. They suggested that we carefully cut out a section of the deck and construct an insert as shown in a similar boat. (Figure 5)



Figure 5: Come spring, a modification to the cockpit deck will finally allow access to the pump.

This project would have to wait until spring. To thank the company for their advice, I broke down and purchased a replacement Guzzler pump handle (Figure 6) for \$10, a tool that I hope to never use.



Figure 6: The author picked up a new pump handle on his visit to the pump's manufacturer.

Folding Boards

Those following this series may recall that *Marvel* is missing her centerboard. The hundreds of pounds, rusted, steel monster she came delivered with had bent at some point, jammed in its trunk and had to be slowly and painfully cut out in 12" sections. We had always planned the construction of a replacement as a winter of 2021 task and that was now upon us.

An anonymous benefactor (he wishes to be known as a Silent Maid) offered to pay for a new board. He put us in touch with George Schuld, the owner of the New Jersey based boat building and restoration firm DeRouville's Boat Shop. (Figure 7) George is considered THE expert on the design and construction of centerboards for racing sailboats, especially historic wooden catboats. Who are we to argue?



Figure 7: *Marvel*'s new centerboard will be fabricated at DeRouville's Boat Shop in snowy Bayville, New Jersey.

The design will undoubtedly evolve over the coming months but George believes that G-10, a glass epoxy laminate known for its extremely high strength and high dimensional stability, is the best material for the job.

To begin the process, and using the old centerboard as a guide, we constructed a template out of exterior fiberboard. (Figure 8a) In order to work it up into the centerboard trunk, from her keel up, the template was constructed in foldable sections. (Figure 8b) This allowed us to insert the template section by section so we could tinker with the board's design and dimensions without having to hoist *Marvel* any higher than her Brownell stands allowed. George will take the final template to his shop, tinker some more and set to work on building a state of the art centerboard for the Olde Girl. We cannot wait to see what spring brings



Figure 8: A unique folding centerboard template allowed easy installation without lifting the boat.

Hibernation Tasks

Before installing the cover, we removed any loose (or semi loose) items that we could work on in our shop over the winter months. Varnishing or oiling projects would include the steering box cover, ships wheel, companionway stairs, gaff boom and engine box. (Figure 9)

Figure 9: Items removed from the boat will be refinished and repaired over the winter season.



The engine box would also have new oil pressure, water temperature and fuel gauges fitted and the engine's restored starter switch reinstalled and wired. (Figure 10) Sound deadening insulation will also be added. The boat's portholes will be also be restored as will several seacocks and water strainers. These endeavors should keep us busy as the snow flies.



Figure 10: The boat's engine box will receive new gauges and wiring.

We also had to store the mast and main boom for the winter in a manner that would allow easy access come spring. In an earlier installment we showed how we had laid out the mast and its accompanying main boom and gaff boom horizontally on sawhorses in order to inspect and configure the rigging and effect any required repairs. As previously shown in Figure 10 the gaff boom was short

enough (~32') to store in our workshop. However, the respective lengths of the mast and main boom forced us to store them outside.

To move these heavy spars (many hundreds of pounds each) across the set up field to the storage sawhorses we employed an ingenious system developed by our catboat expert, Bob Luckraft. (Figure 11) The system lashes a two wheel cart equipped with a wooden cradle at the balance point of the mast or boom. With this setup a single person can relocate one of these massive spars with ease.





Figure 11: Ingenious use of a standard two wheeler allowed the heavy spars to be moved with ease.

Once rolled into position and placed atop the sawhorses, ant traps were strategically placed at intervals along the spars. (Figure 12) We have found that this prevents the little buggers from setting up housekeeping during the winter and early spring.

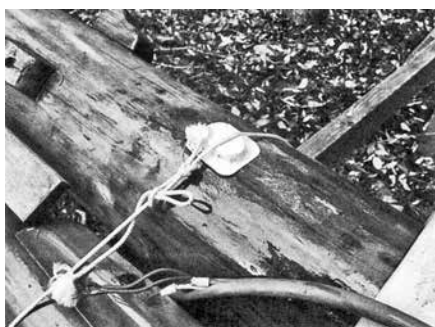


Figure 12: Ant traps, placed along the spars, prevent ants from nesting under the winter covers.

All in place, the spars were then wrapped in quadruple thick landscape plastic and snugged away for the season. (Figure 13)



Figure 13: Quadruple fold landscape fabric was unrolled over the spars and secured.

Most of the BYS crew urged us to fog oil her Volvo MD-7, a two banger before we buttoned the boat up for the season. However, instead of using fogging oil I've had better luck with another product, Blaster Penetrating Spray. Once the engine's cooling systems have been drained, I've winterized my boat's marine diesels by spraying liberal amounts of Blaster into the unit's air intake manifold, rocker arm assembly and any other parts that move. (Figure 14)

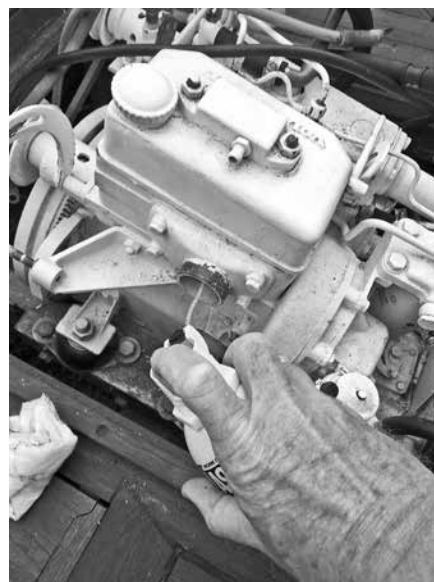


Figure 14: Engine winterizing was accomplished via copious sprays of Blaster penetrating fluid.

This is also how I protect the steering gears and shifter. (Figure 15) It may be a "fragment of my homogenization" but a coating of Blaster has yet to let me down when winterizing an old boat.



Figure 15: Penetrating spray was also used to protect steering and shifter components.

With the boat stripped of "workables" and the centerboard project underway it was time to pull on and secure *Marvel's* winter cover. (Figure 16)



Figure 16: Tucked away for the winter, *Marvel* looks forward to her historic relaunch in 2021.

The hibernation period will also allow us to focus on continuing the bottoms up/top down research as to *Marvel's* history and provenance. We know she was the *Sunnyside* (and the *Susan*) but is she the *Marvel*? All research to date strongly suggests that she is indeed this historic racer. But the quest to confirm this "*Marvelous* mystery" will continue until we can conclusively confirm her heritage.

Over the coming months we hope to finally engage with members of the Quincy Yacht Club, with the surviving relatives of the boat's original owner (Ira M. Whittemore), with the current owners of the Whittemore-Durgin Glass Works and with staff at the Osterville Historical Museum and the Crosby Yacht yard. We would also like to hunt down the person from whom Walter Krasniewicz purchased the boat in the 1960s, a man known only as "an airline pilot who lived near the Red Mill Restaurant in Stamford, Connecticut." Stay tuned.

In the meanwhile, we plan to take a hibernation ourselves from this *Marvelous* Mystery series. Watch for our next installment in a Spring 2021 issue of *MAIB*. Until then stay virus free and safe.

(To be Continued Come Spring)

There is a good selection of boats in the shop right now, all interesting and some unusual.

This little boat seems to be popular these days with the fanatic fishermen type. It's 14' long, 4' wide and very low, in fact, it has cutouts at the back so water can run right through it.



They do seem to be pretty good little boats for a single person, light weight, go pretty good with low power, like 3hp to 5hp and can go in small water.



Brad and Chopper John are just the guys these boats would appeal to so they decided to build some. They got the plans and wood and started to rip. Here's Brad with his.



They were coming along pretty good when who should come along but me, the smartass who can't resist a little competition. This is how all the kayaks got built long ago. I'm busy finishing *Princess Ann* and don't really need another project but I couldn't resist, especially when he told me that the plans say it would weigh over 100lbs. And I could do it in a week or so.

Naturally my boat had to be made from Styrofoam, super light and totally indestructible. I replicated the shape of their boats by using three layers of 2" foam for the bottom and two layers for the bow, stern and sides. It took me a total of eight hours and \$120 to make the foam hull shape. I love shaping foam, the hardest part is not pushing too hard. After that it's just the standard glassing job. The upper surfaces have two or three layers of 6oz cloth and the bottom three or four layers with an additional layer of Kevlar felt on the bottom drag areas. It has about three gallons of epoxy in it which weighs more than the foam core.

From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



A standard 15" transom and custom half circles for the water to run out. There are six 1/2" PVC pipes embedded along the sides to tie things to and one in the bow for a tow-line. The thing is pretty much bulletproof and could probably be dropped from an airplane. And, believe it or not, it only weighs 50lbs. The amount of foam in the bottom will float about 1,000lbs.



Here it is with Brad's little 3hp motor on it. It zips along on a plane pretty good. A handhold of some kind will be added later but someone else can do that, this boat is not for me, I think John's going to finish it up with paint and such.



Here's *Princess Ann*, the one I'm suppose to be finishing. She's almost done, another couple of weeks if I don't get side-tracked again. The weather has finally started to turn good here in Florida so it's time to hit the water. We did try the seating arrangements out, the guys got in and lounged in the wicker chairs with their cigars and beer to see if we liked it, we did.

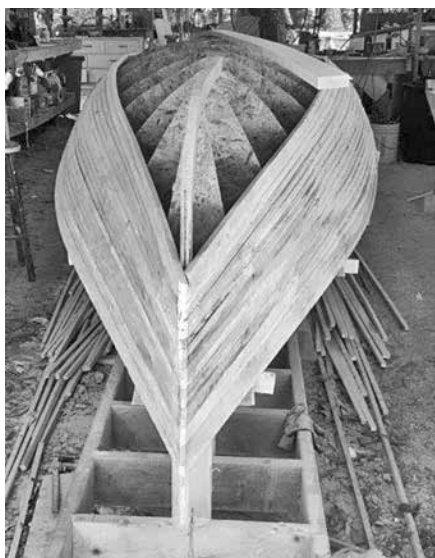


Richard's huge party barge has its floor in with poured in foam underneath. It doesn't really have a pointed bow, it gets a deck all the way forward like an aircraft carrier. I don't think he could have picked a harder build than this one but it's what he wanted. If you're going to make a custom you may as well make what you want. You can see Wally's Whitehall in the background. It's starting to look like a boat.





Strip planking is so easy, just slap all these strips on with Titebond glue, grind off all of the rough edges, of which there are many, fill the cracks and gaps with thick epoxy, sand and glass. The more cracks and gaps it has the stronger the hull is. Epoxy thickened with Cabosil is way stronger than wood. We all love watching it turn into a curvy boat.



Howard's doing a 16' Big Ben garvey. It's like a big jon boat with a slight V bottom to ride smoother. We made two 19-footers a few years ago and they are good boats but a little large. This 16-footer will be easier to handle but still retain its stability for moving around inside and will perform well with only a 30hp motor. These forms you see here are called molds and are not part of the finished boat, they determine the shape for the plywood going on.



Tom's Peep



For you guys who insist on sleeping on little sailboats this is probably one of the best. It even has a fully enclosed dodger/keep the bugs off me system that looks new. It's sitting at my shop and I've had a chance to inspect it closely and if I were one of you (that's a whole different kind of crazy) this is the one I'd grab. Five grand is truly a giveaway price for this complete rig, hell the canvas stuff cost almost that much. Don't cry to me if you miss out, all replies go Tom at ftrooppilot@gmail.com.

Tom reports, "My wife Lynn and are downsizing. We live in a beautiful home with pool in Bradenton. I will be 83 on my next birthday and Lynn is eight years younger. We just don't have the strength and endurance required to maintain our current lifestyle. Our next home will be new, smaller and in a Ruskin, Florida 55+ gated community where they mow our lawn.

Working on the Peep during the pandemic has kept us sane but getting ready to move has really shown us our physical limitations. Yesterday we rolled our Peep Hen out of the garage then turned it around ready to put the rigging back on. Then we hydrated and took a 20 minute nap.

The mast, boom and sails must weigh about 80-90lbs. We could only lift one end at a time. The boom crutch end went up first, then I climbed into the anchor well and lifted the mast stub end HIGH enough to get the stub into the "tube." While straining all I could think of was, "This is an accident looking for a place to happen." Or a hernia in progress.

Once the rigging was installed and boat cover attached we jacked the trailer up to get it off the dolly wheels that allow us to move this rig sideways. We then discovered the flat tire. So in the midday heat we changed a flat tire. It took two hours, three cold drinks and a half hour nap to complete.

Are you getting the message? This couple are having "delusions of grandeur" if they think they can maintain and actively sail their Peep Hen. It's especially true because it will have to be kept in the garage (rigging off) at our new home.

Which brings us to the conclusion that if we want to stay healthy and safe, it's time to sell the Peep. We love this boat and working on it gives me great joy. We purchased it from Lonnie Black earlier this year. Like all of Lonnie's boats it was beautifully equipped and maintained. We decided to upgrade the cosmetics.

The cockpit and anchor well have been refinished (prime and finish coat). Cockpit teak floorboards have been installed. The white hull topsides have been primed and await final coat. All of the stern equipment (ladder, rudder fittings) has been removed and sanding started. The stern needs to be refinished. The hull, fittings, rigging, sails, outboard motor, trailer are all in excellent maintenance condition, again thanks to Lonnie. A

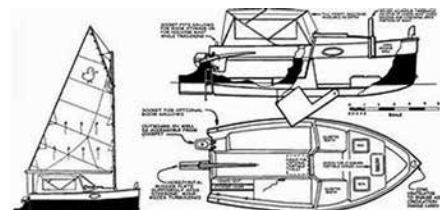
new trailer dolly, outboard motor dolly and two spare trailer tires comes with the boat.

The boat could be "sailed" after one week's work. Paint takes time to dry. We are taking the boat to a friend's for two weeks of storage while we move. I have not advertised it yet and would rather see it go to a WCTSS participant and will sell it one of two ways.

First Option, in current excellent condition with painting/reassembly needing completion. Included in the sale are new teak floorboards, new trailer dolly, new outboard dolly and all paint/supplies needed to finish. Price will be \$5,000 which is what I paid for the boat. I have spent another \$1,000 on the boat since purchase.

Second Option, I will complete the refinishing then put the boat up for sale, probably in February or March. I anticipate the price will be somewhere in the range of \$5,700 to \$6,000. If interested send me an email at ftrooppilot@gmail.com or message.

Tom Barrett



This Bolger Harbinger catboat turned out to be a very good boat. We did not get to sail as often as we would have liked but the sailing was fun while it lasted, most of the time. We learned a lot about its sailing qualities from the times we sailed and also from Bill Rutherford. Bill has corresponded with me through email and his suggestions and photos were a big help in how to make some adjustments and alterations this past summer and the improvements and additions that I plan for over the winter and spring.

The final sail for this season was unfortunately short and sweet. On board was the lovely and talented Naomi, son Gary, grandson James and myself. Extremely strong gusty winds prevented us from leaving the protected harbor and the sky began to darken and threaten to rain so we ended the sail and proceeded back to the slip. Due to the rather abrupt ending of sailing I didn't get any good photos of her last sail of the covid season.

We started the season with *Noni* as a trailer launch boat at a nearby marina. The boat stayed rigged and ready on the trailer at the marina and we just backed her in when it was sailing time. Then our Herreshoff Eagle was sold midsummer and the now unused slip became available to keep the Harbinger in the water for the remainder of the season.

This turned out to be a mixed blessing. She almost sank at the dock (I did sink the Eagle at a slip several years ago). This time, somehow, water came in and the bilge pump failed to pump out the water. But to this day we still can't figure out where that much water came from. Yes, it rained, and very hard at times, but nothing to cause that much liquid in. We had almost 2' of water in her. A few more inches and that would have been the end. She does have some airtight pockets so wouldn't completely sink.



Harbinger's (*Noni*'s) Season Finale

By Greg Grundtisch



We checked for leaks or loose plugs but there was nothing amiss. Boat magic is all we can figure. After we emptied all that water out we realized the battery had died and somehow the backup battery got disconnected. Still there was more water than the rain gods could have produced and speculation still continues. Loose gronicles, perhaps?

At the end of the day's brief outing we took down the sail and had a little gunkhole tour by electric motor of the harbor and Union Ship Canal where the boat is kept. There are some exposed timbers from the old days where the coal and grain trestles, wharves and elevators are still standing in places, the old wharves are exposed where the relatively newer concrete covers are crumbled and the old 1800s massive timbers can be seen.

We also learned a 55lb thrust motor will not push the boat against the 20mph wind with four on board. Gary used a canoe paddle to help move us along. Another adjustment needed for next season as we plan to upgrade to a 4hp electric Chinese outboard or a small 2 or 4 stroke gas outboard. The boat also needs ballast and if the electric outboard is used the four batteries required will provide some of that ballast at 70lbs each placed alongside the centerboard trunk.



I will likely install a rowing seat on top of the trunk in place of the currently eliminated rowing thwart the plans call for. It does have a set of Shaw and Tenney 10' oars that came with the boat and this design was developed for ease of rowing, but I'm not a big fan of rowing. Rowing to and from a mooring would be all the rowing I care to do. Call me lazy but I've done plenty and I come by my disinterest honestly.

Happy sails until next season from the glorious and graceful *Noni* the catboat. *Noni* is the catboat's new name. *Noni* is what our oldest granddaughter Chloe called Naomi when she was very little and learning to talk and it caught on to the other two grandkids. She has been *Noni* to them ever since.

What I Did During My Covid Vacation

By Greg Grundtisch

In early March I learned that the Empire State of New York was going on "lockdown" due to the Trutmp virus. I realized that I was going to be unemployed for the duration of that and I was going to have a lot of free time. What to do besides wear a mask and stay away from everyone?

I first washed my hands and then began to finish out a catboat bare hull. But between working on the boat and washing my hands I discovered the hundreds and hundreds of videos on YouTube that not only have relatively current offerings but vintage archival films. This "discovery" helped fill in some of the aforementioned free time, watching and learning a lot of historical and modern day events and happenings.

When you get on YouTube's website simply enter anything boat related in the search line and a lot of videos come up, hundreds, thousands! Some of the topics I searched and found very interesting were Schooner Sailing, Friendship Sloops, Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival, Catboats, *Bluenose II*, to name only a few. There are literally thousands to be viewed.

For instance, enter Essex Shipbuilding in the search line. There will be dozens and dozens of videos available from the building of schooners at the Story and James shipyards, to the vessels Harold Burnham has built and launched, to the many antique shops and some local overview videos of the Ipswich area in general. The side launch video of his Pinky schooner *Ardelle* at the Burnham Shipyard was very impressive and showed how it was actually done in an era long gone. I also learned that the town of Essex has grown and changed quite a bit from last time we were there. Enter Essex, Massachusetts, in the search for an example to see the local change from the days when the *Thomas E. Lannon* was in frame and before to present day. An interesting town past and present. Any idea what a clam belly is?

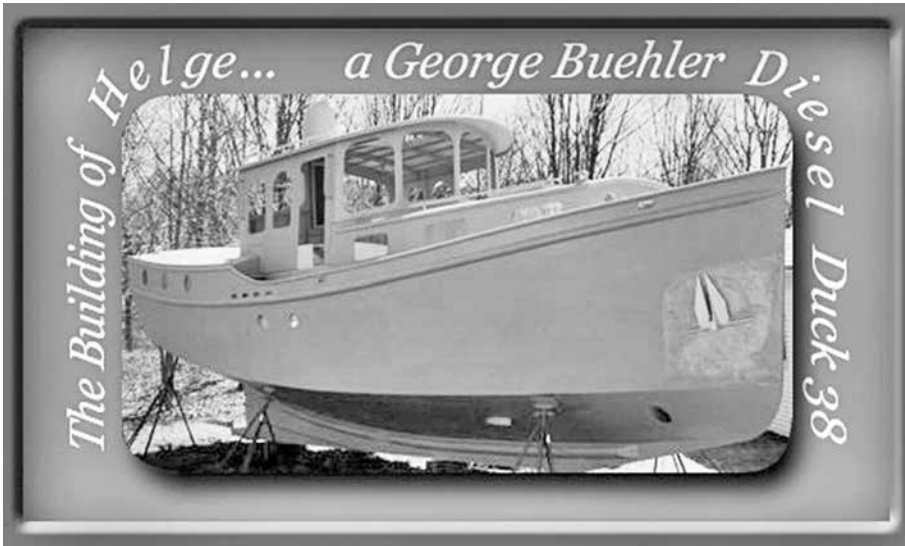
I entered Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival in the search bar and dozens of short videos came up showing the annual events of the past Festivals and the Maritime Museum's offerings as well. Same results for any other boating event or museum. If you like skipjacks, Friendship sloops, catboats or any other type of boat, you will be treated to hundreds of enjoyable videos, sailing, building and restoring. Try entering boat launching mishaps and you will be amazed at what has happened to some boats that were improperly launched or mishaps that occurred. Some very shocking accidents.

It is a pleasant and vicarious way to travel and observe what you could not be present for. There are hundreds of boat building and restoration tutorial type videos, too, and some interesting time laps videos. The *Bluenose 2* time lapse was the one that got me hooked on the YouTube videos.

So, if you have some free time waiting out the President's pandemic, or whatever reason you have, and want to watch, learn and have some enjoyable fun at no cost, I would recommend this form of pastime. Have a mug up of rum with someone either by phone or in person and it's even better. I hope by the time this is printed (January) the country will be on some sort of path to control this "stuff." Don't forget your mask.

The Building of *Helge* A George Buehler Diesel Duck Part 17

Wendell Gallagher is building a Buehler Diesel Duck 38. He had the steel hull built at a yard and trucked to his home and is doing the rest himself.



The Forced Air Heaters

Helge's forward and aft cabins are heated by Dickinson natural draft stoves. They radiate a gentle and quiet warmth that reminds me of a campfire but, just like a campfire, they take some time to get going.

To supplement the slow Dickinsons we've installed a pair of Webasco Airtop 2000 forced air units. Webastos are noisy and windy but quick and reliable.



The outlet velocity is strong enough to allow side by side placement of the ducts.



We used a through hull fitting to pass the forward Webasto's exhaust through the engine room bulkhead. The unit is mounted beneath the butcher block galley counter.





The Water System

Helge's water system is plumbed with PEX plastic tubing and joined with Shark-Bite push to connect fittings (PEX tubing can withstand a hard freeze without damage). Pressure is supplied by a Groco WSC-60 vane pump assembly and a PST-1 accumulator. The water pump assembly contains an adjustable pressure switch, a check valve and a dry run timer.

Groco vane pumps are notoriously noisy but offer long service life and are easy to maintain (simply replace the shaft seal, hub and sliding vanes).

The two midship stainless tanks hold 180 gallons total. Water levels are measured by the fuel system Tank-Tender. A 45L Vetus Calorifier stores hot water from the Dickinson stove and the wheelhouse solar collector. The Dickinson circulates fresh water while the collector circulates coolant. A 50psi relief valve allows excess pressure to divert around the Groco check valve eliminating the need for a blow off safety valve.

Since the advent of efficient magnetic rotor pumps, my original steam propelled hot water system is no longer needed. These new pumps simplify the plumbing and consume only $\frac{1}{4}$ of electricity.

The Dickinson coil can raise 14 gallons of water 18°F in one hour (53 liters – 10°C).

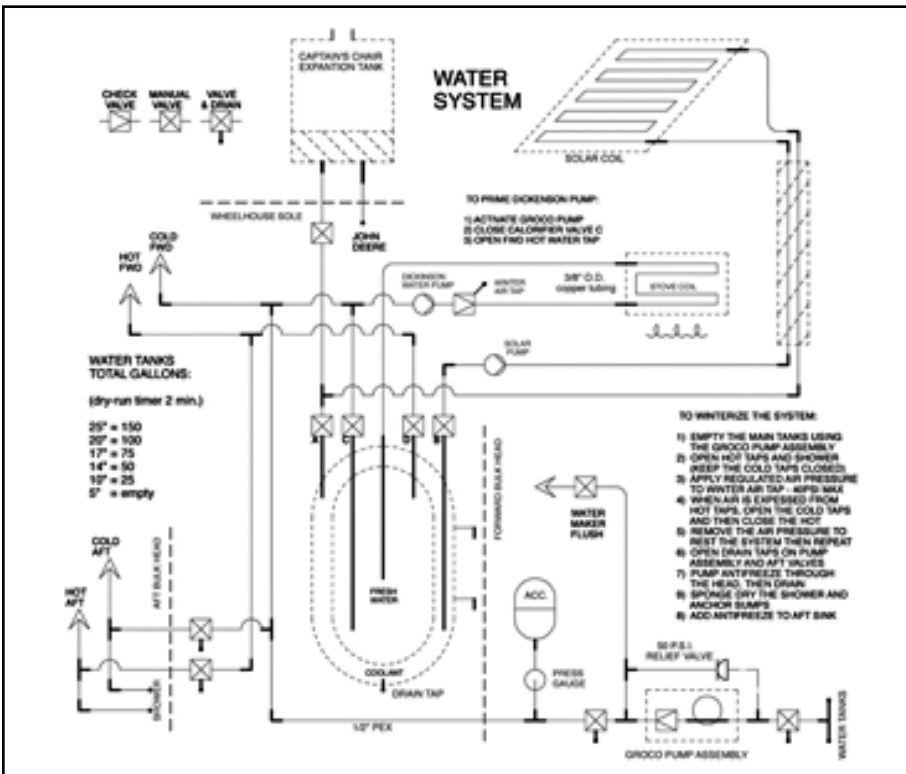
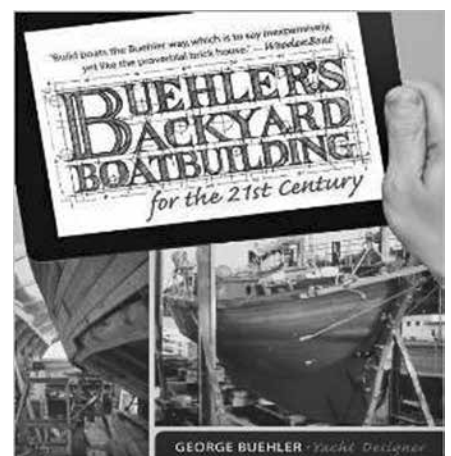
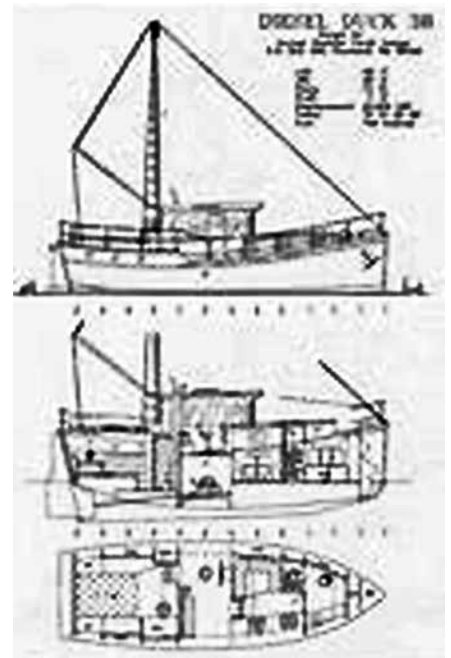
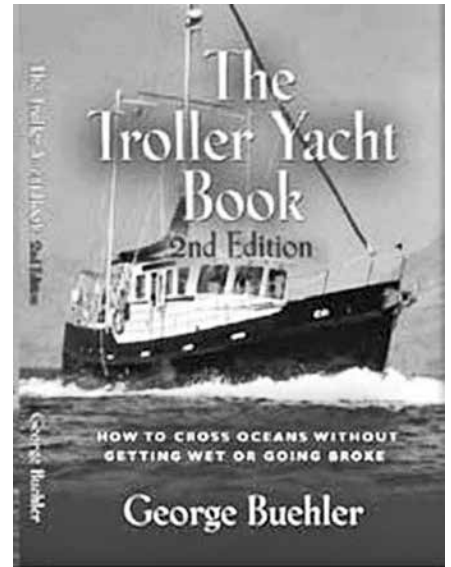


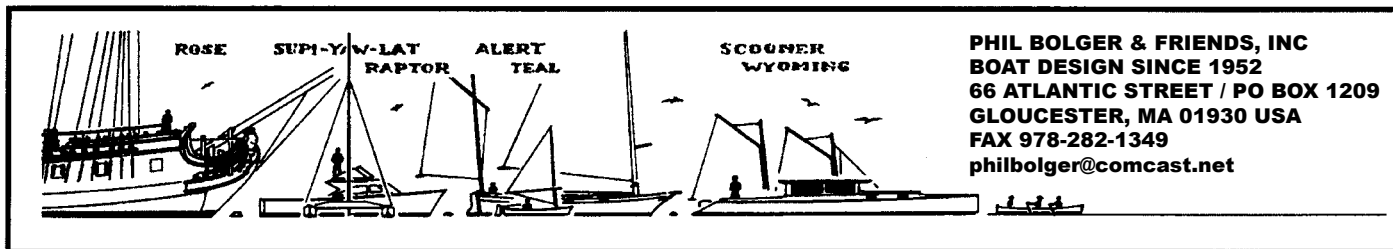


To assist in winterizing the system we installed an inline check valve and tap. The check valve also protects the circulation pump from steam damage in between cycles. An unexpected benefit with the valve is that it encourages self pumping when the circulation pump is off (similar to my original steam propelled design). The steam movement is not enough to fully heat the tank but enough to maintain 50°F above ambient.



Reverse calibrating the Tank-Tender (tape marks five gallons).





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Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #554 in *MAIB*

Design #503 (Aluminum) Sea Bird '86 - Design #525 (Plywood) Sea Bird '86
 Long Keel Dipping Lugger/Gaff Sloop - 23'0"x7'9"x2'6" x 276sf/282sf x 4150lbs
 Part 6 of 6: The Great Cruise Adapting the Sail to a Balanced Lug Sail Geometry

Turns out that for Part 5 I had not read the builders' notes closely enough to have caught the fact that she was, in fact, launched some 25 miles further north from Valparaíso in the smaller port of Quintero, so that for the record. And also up front, I gave up on the idea of using a map of Chile to show their movements since Chile is so long and lean as to still look squiggly and barely readable, even if it took up the full height of a page. So go and study that old school atlas or get lost online in Google Earth magic. Either way you'll find where all this took place.

Here more from those Builders' Notes: "2018 was the rush to get to water. My son N. put his back into getting the boat finished and we built the sail, painted, had the trailer built (which was a nightmare) and got the boat to water in February (at Quintero, WNW of Santiago). The boat was essentially to plan. The only changes were the raised seat backs in the cockpit (which dated back to the cardboard model). The boat then went back to Santiago and stayed there while N. left for university in Valdivia.

In September we trailered the boat to Valdivia where the Calle Calle, Cruces and Valdivia rivers provide ample interesting cruising grounds (and the boat's draft proved convenient). The boat was duly licensed after passing its survey by the naval officer (including lights, VHF radio, depth sounder, etc).

During the latter part of 2018 Nicholas sailed significantly and decided (after a few near misses) that the dipping lug was really too difficult to manage solo on a tidal river which always required tacking a shallow keeled boat, not to mention that reefing was a slight issue. So we rigged a temporary boom to enable the boat to be sailed as a balanced lug which improved handling for river sailing significantly."

As Phil pointed out in my reprint of his chapter "Rig 15: Dipping Lugs" out of *100 Small Boat Rigs*, this rig really shines in longer tacks with shorter ones, such as in this river, requiring a lot of agility if not too much patience to do a lot of short tacking. So here, after enough experience, the next step, obvious to some, with this mild conversion towards her becoming a balanced lug. And here is what Phil wrote about "Rig 17: Balanced Lug," however, not reprinting that cartoon here:

"With rare exceptions this has always been a pleasure boat rig. Working boatmen found the long boom in the way of whatever they were doing with the boat. They also objected to a characteristic that seems to be one of the advantages of the rig,

namely that the boom doesn't cock up when the sheet is slacked. The boom is pinned down hard by a downhaul made fast to the boom next to the mast (it's hidden by the mast in the cartoon). When the outboard end of the boom is lifted by the pull of the clew, the taut luff holds it.

The geometry isn't as rigid as that sentence makes it sound but by sloppy standards the sail will swing out without the boom lifting sharply as conventional booms do. The sail and yard don't twist forward. The sail is docile and effective broad reaching and running. In gentle winds and smooth water this rig is a good one for the lazy, light to sheet and self trimming from tack to tack, needing no adjustment to make it hold a good shape on all points of sailing. It can be gybed all standing without much hazard.

The catch is that in a knockdown the boom is more likely to get in the water and trip the boat. Also, in lowering, the yard comes down on end as with other lug sails. The cartoon shows lazy jacks on the sail to gather up the bunt but, in fact, the yard won't come down naturally between the lazy jacks as with a gaff sail. The peak would need to be grabbed and swung aft by hand before the lazy jacks would function.

A balanced lug takes reefing well. The center of the reefed sail stays close to the center of the full sail. The reefed clew can be brought to the outer end of the boom with the leftover boom projecting ahead of the reefed tack so the boom is shortened by reefing. It's wise to have the boom downhaul movable on the boom to encourage shifting the boom. In fact, a clove hitch around the boom next to the mast is a good, though inelegant, way to attach the downhaul to the boom. No chock is needed to keep the hitch from shifting on the boom and the round turn of the hitch makes a pad to keep the boom from chafing the mast. A third hitch on top of the regular two turn clove hitch is a good idea. The parrel holding the boom to the mast in the cartoon is unnecessary, if used, it should be easy to cast off.

In yachting weather the balanced lug is a good sail with a better driving shape than a standing lug. Strictly speaking, all lugs that aren't dipped in tacking are standing lugs but it's usual to use the term for the type with the tack at the mast like Rig 16.

There is another type of rig called the split lug in which the lug sail, with or without a boom, is divided at the mast into two sails set on the same yard. The luff of the after sail is laced to the mast. The forward sail has the same luff and tack arrangement that the one-piece sail did but it has a leech ahead of the

mast and is sheeted from its clew like any boomless sail, hence, a second set of sheets is needed. The intention is to make a lug sail set without ever coming aback on the mast.

The rig is workable but it is clumsy to set and take in and the mast spoils the drive of most of the sail on both tacks. Sir Alan Moore said that this rig "was probably designed by a big ship sailor unaccustomed to boat sailing or in an office." I concur and am not including it in this book."

Back to the Builders Notes by David and son N.: "In early 2019 over my summer holidays in Valdivia we added the pilothouse (essentially to plan as it rains 2,500mm per year [100"] in Valdivia) but retained the balanced lug. The boat was sailed extensively throughout the year and is well recognized in the area. During this period the original yard and makeshift boom were replaced with hopefully more permanent ones.

Some time in 2019 N. had got into his head to take the boat cruising seriously with the target in mind being Laguna San Rafael (in Aysén Region) with a maximum crew of four. So during the course of the year he made significant modifications to the boat, including:

Opening up bulkhead B to create a V-berth between bulkheads A and C long enough for people not more than 6' tall to sleep in.

Installing 120 liters (32gal) of fresh water tankage just forward of bulkhead C in two tanks one each side of the mast tabernacle.

Removing the starboard seat to install a stove and galley area between bulkheads C and E (D is just a frame removed after construction).

Replacing the port seat with a dinette type configuration almost to the centerline which can convert into a double bunk by dropping the table."

Knowing how she was built and having gained trust in her structure under sail, these changes to her layout and structure were for them, and on them, so far indeed without any dark unexpected results. Having built her would offer most folks a reasonable sense of what now would need reinforcing here and there, all in all perhaps making her even stronger.

Bear in mind that as you read this here in the northern winter season it was exactly a year ago, 2019-2020, in the southern summer that this cruise took place.

Valdivia is about a 500 mile road trip south of Santiago and to get to that cruising destination of Laguna San Rafael would require another road trip south of some 135 miles to reach Puerto Montt, a port city of

well over 200,000 folks which is the gateway to the Patagonian fjords.

Once launched there, had she headed out for the Pacific the water depth would have dropped from between 300'-500' to beyond 11,000' where the tectonic Nazca Plate and the Antarctic Plate slide under the South American Plate, the reasons for Chile's dramatic "crumpled up" topography, volcanoes and earthquakes.

However, on this first voyage, at least, *Seabird* would stay inshore, in fact, set out to do 330-350nm almost due south, threading that labyrinth of tiny and large islands towards that intriguing destination. Here from the Notes:

"With this configuration we made the cruise from Puerto Montt to Laguna San Rafael and back over about six weeks from late December 2019 to early February 2020 (including two dismastings and one rebuild). The boat has no plumbing or holes beneath the waterline so LFH (L. Francis Herreshoff) would be proud of us.

Nicholas rebuilt the mast in Valdivia. We since decided to definitely convert to the gaff rig so the last pictures of sailmaking on the grass are of the lug sail being converted to gaff and the new sailcloth indoors is the jib going together. Covid has prevented much progress at all since but the boat is patient and will wait for happier days."

A few laconic words describing a grand adventure, obviously some serious drama along the way, effective self help with those repairs of the mast they had built. The pictures by themselves should suffice to tell the story of that cruise through that remote world, with indeed four folks aboard that 23-footer. A lot of memories for all aboard.

But a few words from here are in order about those two mast breakages the way they are understood here. Using the same sail, but adding the boom, placed that boom so low

as to ride against the square faced tabernacle rather than a typically round mast where some mild leather padding would make both spars live quite well with each other, while the boom could rotate as far as you'd want it to, assuming slacking the boom downhaul enough.

To keep the boom from kiting on the "good tack," running a parrel around those square tabernacle cheeks would be a first challenge, best addressed by a fairly loose geometry, but still grinding boom against sharper tabernacle edges, something to remedy for a while with extra wear padding on one or both. After all, between adding the doghouse and that new boom they were rather eager to finally get cruising on her rather than do more detailing to get a perfectly effective more or less round guide on about 220° of the tabernacle to run the boom against "on the other tack."

And it would seem desirable to allow for a very long mainsheet to let the sail pivot forward, weather cocking of sorts, to go just about on centerline in a sudden squall from behind to truly depower the sail and thus save both sail and the mast. Phil was just quoted on the realities of reefing, spilling too much wind before a knockdown, or worse, with this sail geometry.

Finally, during a fine sleigh ride with wind behind from either quarter, belts and suspender folks might propose a running backstay to support that mast once the sail is on the preferred side of the mast.

Here the mast broke running before the wind during a sudden gust coming on too quickly and too hard, typically conditions when the sheet would be belayed well to let the sheet pay out fast to indeed allow the sail to "weathercock." First, the exhilaration of the bone in her teeth, the roar and power of waves and wind and then indeed too much for the mast. Either not enough time to let the sheet go

or not enough sheet length, never mind time to slacken the boom downhaul enough.

Fortunately no damage to the sail though. And after having built it and then stepped it into her tabernacle for easy pivoting from vertical to horizontal, repairing that mast after the hands had stopped trembling was good nautical self help, inconceivable had she been rigged with a shrouded deck or keel stepped lofty mast. Anyway, live and learn. Whether under a balanced lug or the gaff sloop rig, they are having on their schedule, they may indeed go beyond belts and suspenders to keep that stick standing, who wants that "three times the charm" lapel pin?

After local limited coastal studying her and themselves in preparation, well over 700 nautical miles as the boat tacks over six summer weeks into waters with substantial growlers to keep them alert would be a first big return for all the labor, no doubt some grief, character building, father and son collaborating, from metropolitan Santiago to the remote glacier shores some first and last a combined 2,100 land miles on wheels and through the waters.

Just months later son N. and some like minded pals had zeroed in on a much larger older ferrocement ketch near Seattle and not a design out of this office. I tracked their progress until the signal failed as they had gone out of range deep into Polynesia, west of Pitcairn Island, headed for Mangareva in the Gambier Islands some 4,000 miles west of Santiago. All safe and sound. Not clear though, whether dad will fight covid travel protocols into that remote vastness of the Pacific to join that cruise for at least one leg.

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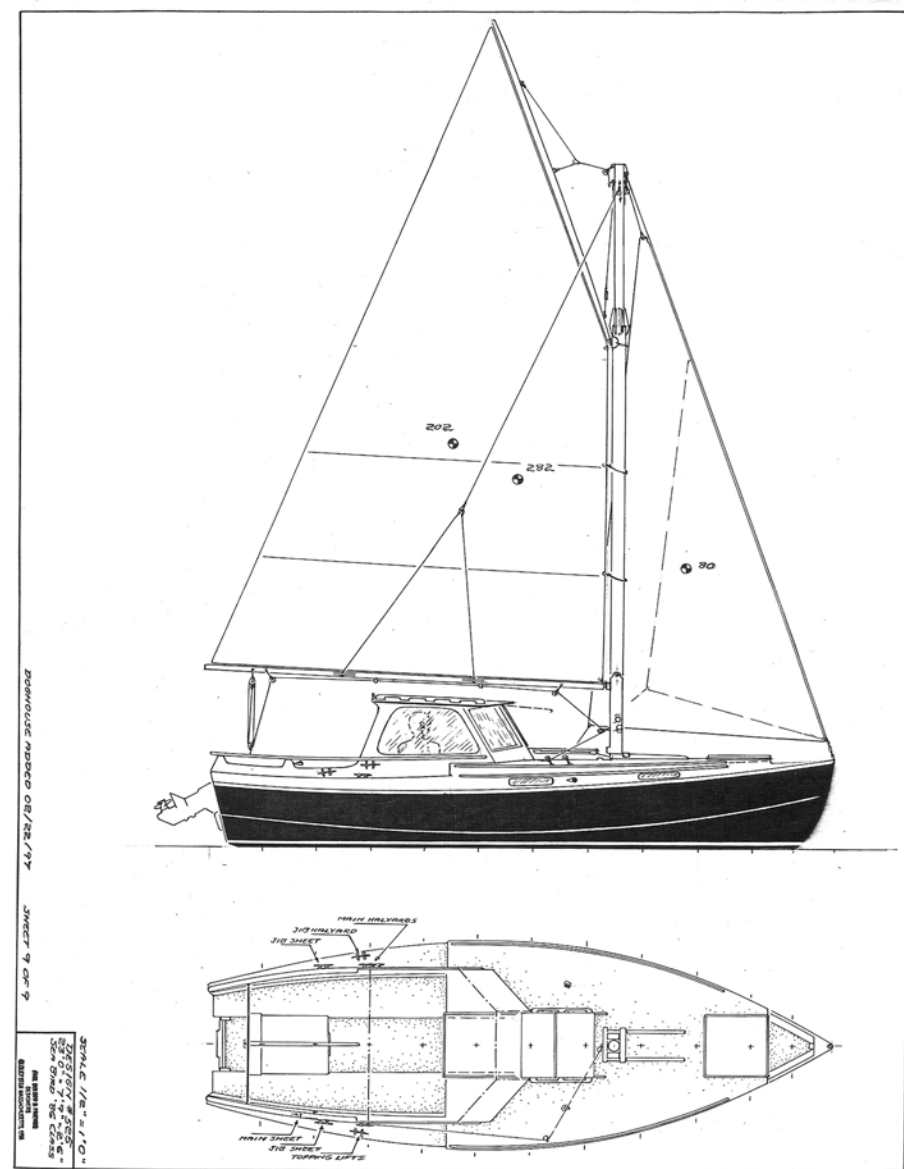
Balanced lug running before the wind.

Under outboard power.



Under balanced lugsail.





Last month I wrote about a vessel's air draft, which is the term for the distance from the surface of the water to the highest point on a vessel. Air draft also exists as the distance from the road's surface to the highest point on a vessel on a trailer. Most bridges have a known vertical clearance with a sign positioned where a driver can see the height message. A problem can arise if the stated vertical clearance is less than the air draft of the boat on the trailer. In some cases the vertical clearance has changed because road work raised the road's surface a few inches and the signage has not been adjusted. Those inches can be critical for clearance under the bridge.

On federal (and most state) highways the minimum vertical clearance is 14' to allow a semi trailer to pass underneath with no problem as the maximum semi trailer height is 13'6". A problem may arise when the air draft exceeds the bridge height regardless of whether it is a boat on a trailer, a semi trailer or a tall vehicle with a load on top. In all such cases damage to the bridge and the boat/vehicle can result. In many cases a collision results in more damage in terms of cost to the bridge than to that which hit it.

Not only should you be concerned about the air draft of your tow, you need to be concerned about a change in the clearance under a bridge. Our road was resurfaced a while back and the additional layer of asphalt changed the clearance under the two bridges over the road (I-10 double bridges) in an interesting manner. Coming one way, the eastbound bridge clearance reads 14'1". The other, westbound bridge, reads 13'11". Thus, the clearance is not the same when going under the bridges. If one of the roads you travel while towing your boat has been worked on and the "fit" was already close, you might want to check the new clearance numbers.

Spatial awareness is an important aspect of being on the water. According to the marine publications I receive, a large number of marine casualties take place because no one was looking at what was going on around them. Sitting back with the boat on autopilot and relaxing can lead to problems. Many



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

years ago two sailboats were on Apalachee Bay. One was just out for a day sail and the other was heading out for a vacation trip. The vacation bound vessel was on starboard tack headed for Buoy 26 and the other was on port tack headed back for Shell Point. They collided because the person at the helm on either boat did not see the other boat which was hidden by the jib and no one on either vessel was looking at what was around them. Both vessels suffered major bow damage. This can happen to you!

Your roll of tape will not come "unstuck" so you can use it. A possible solution to the problem is to either fold the tape onto itself or stick the end of the roll onto a piece of paper when you are done. The next time the tape is needed unrolling it will not be a problem. Yes, you will waste some tape but the rest is there to be used and you can cut off the end and use the piece cut off again to provide a way to unroll it next time.

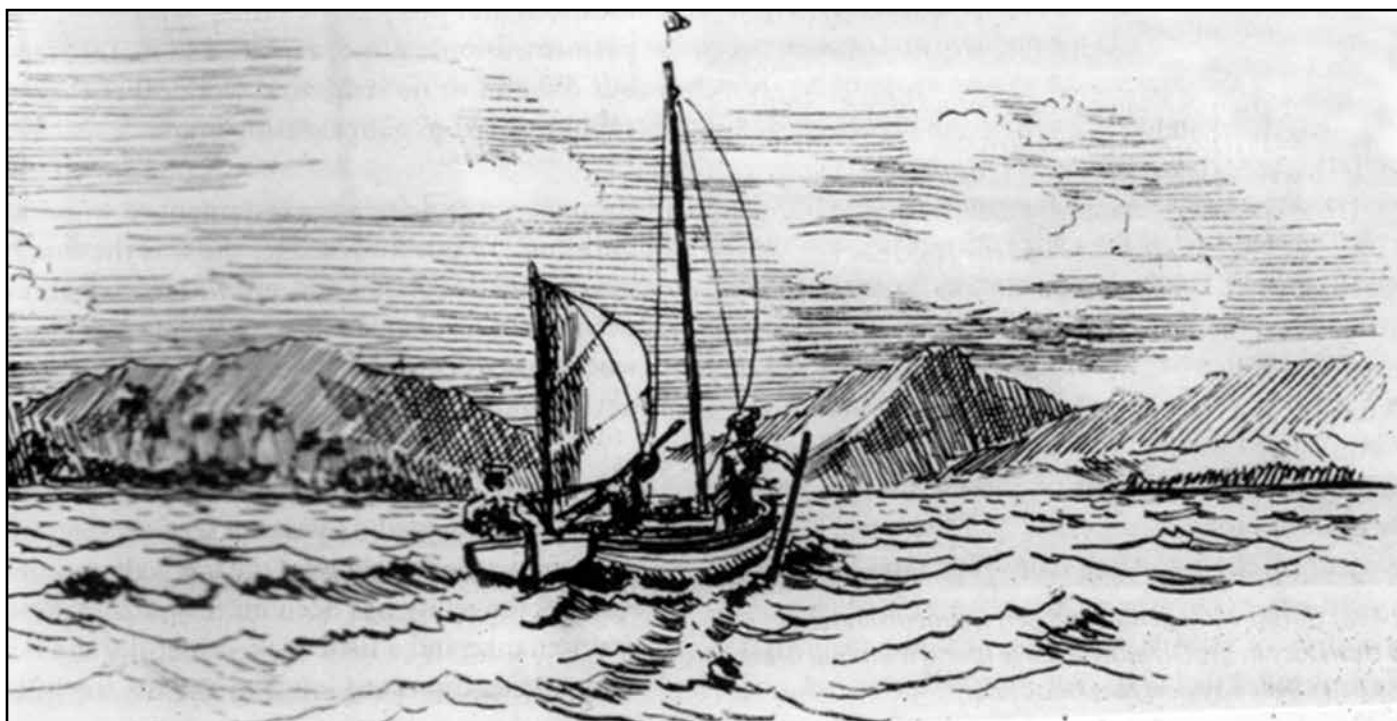
When my wife and I were still on the water doing race committee work for a local racing fleet, I handled the boat while she kept track of where the starting mark was located and the like. Once we got to the start area and I had the boat located where I wanted to drop the anchor, she took the helm while I took care of the anchoring process. Our boat's diesel was quite loud and we used hand signals as to whether she was to leave the engine in neutral or start to back down.

When we were ready to retrieve the anchor I would go forward and she slowly idled the boat toward the anchor while I pulled in the line. When the rode was straight

up I signaled her to put the engine in neutral, wrapped the rode around the forward bitt and let the inertia of the boat moving forward break loose the anchor from the bottom. I then finished retrieving the anchor. When we got back to the float she signaled the distance from the float (the steering station was on the starboard side and we docked port side to the float) as I idled the boat in. When at the proper location she signaled me to put the engine in neutral and let the boat drift to the dock. In all of the above there is none of the shouting you sometimes hear from other boats while doing such maneuvers.

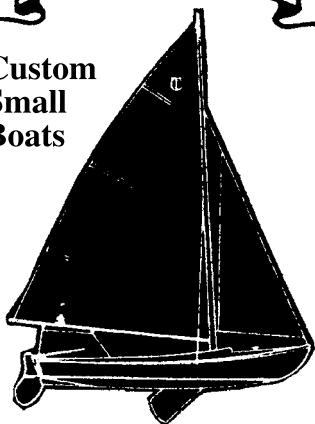
I have seen a number of articles over the years as to what tools you should carry on your boat. In addition, may I recommend some "non tools" that may be useful? By this I mean a book/magazine, a deck of plastic playing cards, a fly swatter and bug repellent. If there are a number of individuals on the boat a board game or two might be nice. Such items may come in handy for the times the boat is aground or the engine fails and you are waiting for help to arrive. We carried these items in a container that went on and off the boat to keep them from being affected by the marine environment. Of course, in today's electronic environment, if you are in range of the cell towers you can each be involved in what you find interesting online while waiting.

Like many social groups, the yacht club to which my wife and I belong ceased group activities because of covid-19 in March. The Spring Racing Series was cancelled as were the monthly Puffin races and potluck dinner meetings. The Board of Directors held monthly online meetings to keep things organized, the monthly newsletter was published each month and, starting this fall, virtual membership meetings were held. Since most of the boats are family crewed, offshore racing started in September and the Puffins (a one person boat) resumed their monthly races. While the social gatherings and monthly dinner meetings are not back to their normal schedule, the Club has continued to function and acquired additional members.



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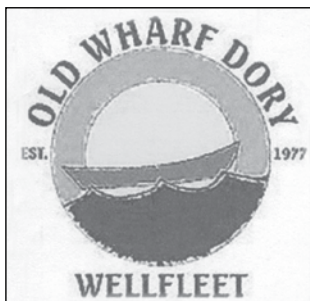


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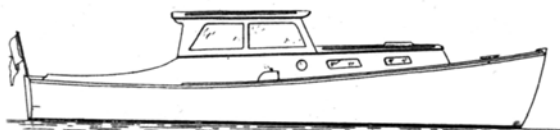
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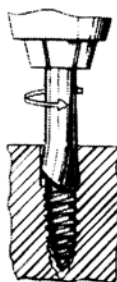
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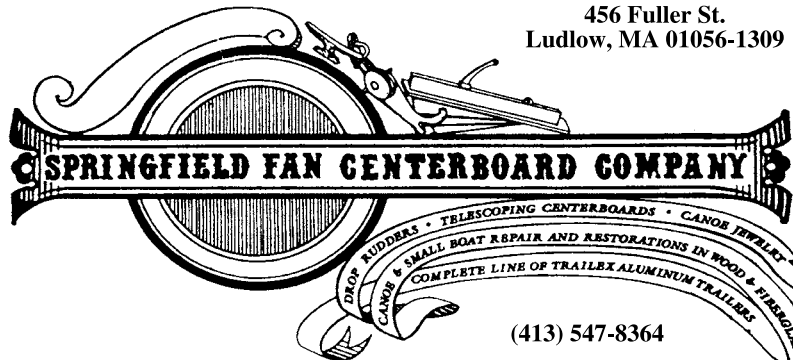
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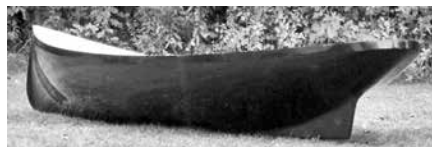
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What a year !

Here's hoping that dropping a page from the calendar will bring a fresh start. None of us got sick, our families are all well, Vermont DOES have by far the lowest Covid rate. But, still.... there have been problems and aggravations. On to the new year.

There is an amusing story behind this boat. A dad was paddling his kayak in Puget Sound when he saw a boat similar to this boat whip by. He eventually caught up to the boat's owner and asked him what it was. The owner told him and the dad called our shop to order one for his son, an army captain who would soon be returning from Iraq. We were to deliver the boat to the captain's wife on our next trip west. Then, a few days later, we came into the shop and saw another order on the board, same last name,

same story. We couldn't figure how that happened, same boat, ordered twice? We called and said, "We think you've ordered too many boats." "Oh? Why is that?" We explained and she explained that her husband had a twin and they were always doing mirror things.

"His son is an army captain returning from Iraq." "So is ours."

.... to be continued...

**Happy New
Year**

